

*A·M I L E C,*  
OR THE  
S E E D S  
OF  
M A N K I N D.


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Translated from the FRENCH,  
MDCCLIII.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for W. NEEDHAM over-against *Gray's-  
Inn Gate* in *Holbourn*; and sold by M. COOPER  
at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster-row*. MDCCLIII.  
[ Price 1 s.  ]

A-M-I-L-E

OR THE

S-E-E-D-S

OF

M-A-N-I-N-D



Translated from the French,  
MDCCLIII.



L-O-N-D-O-N

Printed for W. NICHOLSON over against Gray's  
Inn Gate in Holborn; and sold by M. COOPER  
at the Globe in Pall-mall. MDCCLIII.  
[Price 1s. 6d.]





TO THE  
LEARNED.

GENTLEMEN,

**Y**OU know, that I have always entertained for you the greatest Respect imaginable: but this is not enough; my Sentiments in your Favour have attained the highest Point of Admiration. My whole Ambition was one Day to enjoy a Place among you; I conceived nothing superior to that Honour.

*What have I not attempted to attain it? How many Days have I not been buried in the Obscurity of my Closet? how many Nights have I not consumed by the uncertain Light of a weak Lamp? what numberless Volumes have I not in that time turned over, and how many Systems have I not broached? Vain Efforts! My Eyes were not opened, or if they were, my Sight served me for no other Purpose than to perceive innumerable Obstacles which opposed themselves invincibly to my Progress; or distant Views, wherein the most piercing Sight would have been disturbed and bewildered. And, as the ultimate Result of all my Labours, the whole Knowledge I could procure, was that both you and I aimed at Discoveries, unattainable by the Art of Man.*

*I ask your Pardon, Gentlemen, I had deceived myself by too much Reflection, but was reclaimed by an Accident. My Mistake however was pardonable; you had not initiated me in your Mysteries, you had*

*had not revealed to me your Secret, nor had you pointed out the Road, which leads to the Sanctuary of Nature.*

*Formerly, I was immersed in Books, I reflected, combined, and put my Imagination upon the Rack; Excess of Labour fatigued my Brain, and yet I acquired no Knowledge. Now I am easy, I sleep, dream, and become learned.*

*Why did I not find out this Secret sooner, that to make Systems, and new Discoveries, nothing more was requisite, than to dream philosophically? What could be the Reason, Gentlemen, that you concealed this important Mystery? The Republick of Learning loses at least one half Dozen of Hypotheses, and I make not the least Doubt, but I should have already formed my little World, as Epicure, Descartes, and some others have done before me.*

*But I have not abandoned as yet all Hopes of Success; I am young, and have much Time to sleep. I hope, that by ob-*



-serving strictly the Regimen I have pre-  
scribed to myself, I shall dream frequent-  
ly, and that by this means I shall enrich the  
World with the most curious Discoveries.

In the mean time, Gentlemen, you will  
give me leave to honour myself with an  
Exposition of the first Philosophical  
Dream, I ever had. I hope, you will  
please to give it a favourable Reception,  
and an honourable Place among your  
own Visions.

Oh! how delightful is it, and how  
noble to dream, when our Dreams may  
serve to enlighten the Universe, and to  
immortalize our Names?

AMILEC,





# AMILEC,

OR THE

## Seeds of Mankind.



**I** HAD now been confined to my Closet full seven Hours. I was obstinately fixed upon a Volume of sufficient Size, which treats upon Generation, and had read it with all that Eagerness, of which a Man may be imagined susceptible, who knows nothing, and yet burns with a Desire of Learning. What remained of that intense Study? that, which is generally the Produce of all Studies of this Kind: Doubts, and Uncertainty. Discouraged by this painful Exercise, as ignorant as I was, when

I first began it, I threw aside the Volume, and broke out into most bitter Invectives against all, who stile themselves Observers, Naturalists, Physicians, or Philosophers.

O Man! said I, how defective is thy Reason, how dull thy Penetration, how confined thy Knowledge? Thou enterest into Life by unknown Ways, and thou emergest out of them, only to plunge into Darkness still more profound! thou findest thyself upon the Earth, without knowing how thou wert placed upon it; thou remainest without knowing when thou wilt leave it; thou leavest it, without knowing whither thou goest! within thyself thou knowest nothing, without thyself thou knowest not more. But thou raisest up thyself however in the Midst of us, like a Pedant in the Midst of a Band of Children; “ Silence, thou criest, and hear  
 “ me! I begin with the great Chain of  
 “ Beings, and will run over it from one  
 “ End to the other; I will unveil Nature,  
 “ and explain to you the Formation, and  
 “ Constitution of Plants, of Animals, of  
 “ Men, and of the whole World.” It is well! speak, we hear thee! But scarce hast thou advanced one Step, but thou findest thyself surrounded with Darkness; thou offerest thyself as our Guide, and thou art every Instant

stant at a Loss ; thou pretendest to shew us the Truth, and thou producest nothing but chimerical Visions.

The Gate was open, the Field extensive, and I should have undoubtedly carried my Reflections very far ; but, in the Midst of this philosophical Fit of Spleen, a certain Sensation of Languor and Fatigue spread itself suddenly over me, my weakened Eyelids closed themselves, and my Head, growing heavy, composed itself to Rest upon a Pile of Folio Volumes which lay on one Side of me ; I fell asleep ; and what is more, I dreamt.

I imagined, that I saw approaching me a young Man, tall, well-proportioned, and with an Aspect something more than human. My Name is *Amilec*, says he, I am the Genius who presides over the Multiplication of the human Species. I have observed the Perplexity you have been engaged in upon the Subject of Generation ; I was concerned for what you suffered, and am disposed to give you upon that Head all the Satisfaction you can desire.

I was desirous to express the utmost Gratitude, due to so much Good-nature. Whatever was the Reason, whether Astonishment, or Want of Eloquence, I en-



gaged in a faltering Kind of Compliment, which happily he did not give me Time to finish. No Compliments, Sir, I pray you, says he, since you are desirous of Instruction, be attentive only.

There are in Nature Phænomena singular in their Kind, continues *Amilec*, and there are others, which bear a mutual Analogy in many Respects. The first have particular Springs, the second have common Causes, and are produced nearly in the same manner.

Of all the Beings which surround you, Man alone reflects, reasons, and acts consequently: there is therefore within him a Spring of Action, or a particular Principle, which must be examined, as he finds it in himself, without offering to seek for it elsewhere, if he would dive into its Nature.

But as Man is endowed with a Principle of Motion, so is the mere Animal; it sees, it hears, it enjoys Health, and sickens. All these Phænomena, or Appearances, are found to be the same in Man, as in the Brute Creation. The Cause of them therefore is general, and one common Spring; whoever knows it in one kind, knows it also in the other.

Moreover,



Moreover, in the same manner, as Men or Animals, so do Plants arise, live, and die; like those they increase and multiply; all this is common to one and to the other. All this therefore must follow certain general Rules, whose little Variations are insignificant. Thus then, he who knows how Plants are generated, will know very nearly how Men and Animals are produced. In general, Plants come forth from Seeds, Men therefore and Animals claim a similar Origin.

The Seeds of Vegetables are observed to be produced principally in two Places. In the Flowers, or Parts of Fructification, which constitute one main Magazine, and in the little Cavities, which are found between the Body of the Plant and its exterior Coat or Cortex. Those, which are formed in the Flowers are fecundated, increase, ripen, and then fall, or are gathered by Men. Those, which are produced in the little superficial Cavities of the Vegetable make a swifter Progress; they open, and give almost an immediate Birth to other lesser Plants grafted upon the first, and which we call Sucklings. All around these Sucklings, and by the same Mechanism many

many others will spring up, and thus succeed one another.

We see by this, that what we call a Tree, or an Oak, for Instance, is not one Oak, but a Collection of many Oaks composed, and arranged together. This is the Order of Vegetation, this the Destination of Seeds in Plants.

If Animals had been destined to remain immoveable, as Plants, the Growth and Multiplication both of one Kind and the other would have proceeded precisely in the same manner. But Animals must be self-active and locomotive. In general, therefore, many entire Animals must not be grafted upon one, as many Branches are planted upon one Branch : this would be irreconcilable with that Power of Motion which is necessary to every Kind.

Nevertheless, by a just Consequence from the general Rule, Germs are found in Animals, as we observe them disseminated upon all Vegetables. These Seeds or Germs are principally discovered in particular Reservoirs, which in Animals serve for the same Purpose, as the Flowers in Plants, or near the Skin, which is to Animals what the Bark is upon Trees. The first open and develop themselves as soon as they are properly fecun-

fecundated, and new Animals are produced : but those, which are disseminated near the Surface of the Body, far from expanding so as to become visible, are so excessively small, that the human Eye, armed with the strongest Microscope, would scarce perceive them. There they remain fixed for some time, fall soon after, or are dispersed in the Air.

What we say in general of Animals, must be understood to be applicable in particular to the human Species. There are found in the human Body, Germs, Seeds, or the first Rudiments of every individual Man. One Part of them are in the Reservoir destined for that Purpose in both Sexes ; another considerable Part escapes through the cutaneous Pores.

But these Germs, these Seeds, these first Lineaments, which escape continually from both Sexes, are they lost upon this account, and deviate from their Destination? do they become absolutely useless, the Moment they are transmitted to the Surface of the Body? Nature is too good an Oeconomist to suffer patiently a Loss of this Consequence.

We are a Band of Genii, whose Employment is to collect the greatest Part of these Seeds. I am intrusted myself particularly



ticularly with that of the human Kind, and I command a considerable Body of subordinate Genii, who under my Orders labour continually in this Harvest.

We are comparatively to you, what you are in respect of the vegetable Creation. You, for instance, sow, you cultivate, and reap the Fruits of your Labour; we the Genii of a higher Nature sow, cultivate, and gather the Seeds of human Kind. And as a Gardener preserves for Seed, the best only, and most vigorous Plants in his Garden; in the same manner, we gather human Seeds from Men and Women only of distinguished Merit.

But ask me no Questions as yet concerning the Nature of these Seeds, nor the use we make of them; all this shall be explained to you in proper Time. Let us for the present leave this Closet; I have taken care to sharpen your Sight; you shall see my Genii work in the Harvest of human Seeds.

At these Words *Amilec* went out, and I followed him. We had scarce advanced two Steps, before I saw at a little Distance from us, four or five Genii employed in gathering human Seeds. Imagine to yourself a natural Philosopher, who, with all possible Attention and Sagacity, is taken up in contemplating



plating the Down he discovers upon the Wing of a Fly; such nearly was the Attitude of those Harvest Genii. It was not possible to refrain from Laughing, I was just upon the Point, but was diverted from it by *Amilec*.

On your Left Hand, says he to me, you see a Genius, who gathers up the Seeds of an Officer, so singular in his Profession, that after a strict Examination, he has at last discovered, that it is not unbecoming a military Man to think sometimes; and who, consequently, employs in Study that leisure Time, which others of his Profession sacrifice to Vanity, and often to Debauchery.

At a little Distance, you may observe them gathering, with great Care, the Seeds of a Man, who tho' never seen at any Entertainment, or takes any Share in the Mirth of his Friends, but by a particular Invitation; yet, of his own Accord, runs in order to share with them, and alleviate, their Grief, by giving them, without any previous Offers, all the Succour they may stand in need of.

On your Right Hand, they collect the Seeds of a young Nobleman's Governor. He is elate beyond measure by the good Effects, which proceed from his constant  
Assi-

Affiduity, and the happy Dispositions of his Pupil : he has just finished a Course of ten Years Tuition, and in that Time has taught him to be silent.

Dost thou see those three Genii employed about that young Person? Canst thou guess, why I have ordered them to gather the falling Seeds with so much Care? This seems natural enough, answered I, she is one of the most beautiful Women, I ever saw; it would be a real Loss, if you suffered any of these Seeds to escape. If Beauty is a Treasure, replies *Amilec*, it is a Treasure to which Virtue alone can give any real Value; do not imagine that I am induced by that fine Pair of Eyes only to employ three Genii in a constant Attendance about her Person. But she has been married these five Years, she has Wit, Beauty, and Youth; in one Word, she is a *Parisian*, and yet has been always true to her Husband, whom she cannot even love.

Upon casting my Eyes on every Side, I perceived at last a Genius, who busied himself at gathering the Seeds of a *Petit-Maitre*. Hey day! my Lord *Amilec*, said I with Astonishment, what can be your Intention? What a Collection do you make here? Whither would you transplant this ridiculous Race? No where, answers *Amilec*; this is not my View in  
picking

picking up the Seeds of Petit-Maitres. But though I am very cautious not to sow any Seeds of this kind, they are not entirely useless in my Business. I have found out a Method of purifying the Seeds of Womankind. I order to be thrown into a Box full of Female Seeds, eight or ten Petit-Maitre Grains; immediately a most violent Fermentation commences. When this ceases, and all is quiet in the Box, we find upon opening it, as many considerable Heaps of Grain cemented together, as we had put in Petit-Maitre Seeds. Every little concreted Ball was formed by a certain Number of Female Seeds, which had approached, and attached themselves to the Petit-Maitre Germ, by accumulating together round about it. I separate these little concreted Balls, and I carefully set aside for use the few sound Female Grains, which remain in the Box.

Human Seeds, continues *Amilec*, have each of them in their kind very singular Properties, at which thou thyself wilt be very soon surprized. For instance, the Seeds of Lawyers have an excessive corrosive Quality; so great, that if I but neglected, for a very short Space of Time, to throw among them a certain Number of the Germs of Clients to amuse this hungry Quality, I could not pre-serve



serve a single Grain ; they would corrode, and devour one another, rather than not corrode at all.

Among other Characters, the Seeds of a Lawyer have this likewise peculiar to themselves, that being once put into Motion, instead of moving, as all other Bodies in Nature do, in a strait Line, they tend continually to describe Curves and Parabolas.

I have observed also, and this of ancient Date, that the Seeds of a Tory, placed near those of a Whig, fermented violently. The Effect, which resulted from this kind of Effervescence was, the Production of an amphibious Sort of Grain \*, according to the Rules of Art, which, as thou knowest very well, bears in its Nature some certain Part both of one and the other, but is in fact much worse, and more vicious, than either.

If I was to engage in a particular Detail of all the Properties of human Seeds, I should never finish my Account. . Thou shalt see my Magazine ; come let us go ; in the way I will give thee a Notion of my Commission, my Labours, and the Use I make of human

\* The two Species of Seed mentioned in the Original were those of Surgeon and Phycisian ; as alluding to the Disputes at *Paris* between these two Professions ; but the Translator with more Propriety, in respect of *England*, has altered them into Whig and Tory.



human Seeds. When he had said these Words, *Amilec* sprung up lightly into the Air ; I perceived myself, not without Surprise, to partake of this his violent Motion, which he communicated to me ; we did not walk, but flew towards the Magazine.

Canst thou believe it, says *Amilec*, that an innumerable Multitude of Vortices, or Systems, Suns, and habitable Earths, which constitute this vast Universe, all these (no, you will never believe it) were formerly contained in a Seed of no greater Dimensions, than a small Pea. It budded and expanded little by little, but the Development is not finished. There are many Worlds, which you may compare to young Plants, which begin only, as I may say, to sprout. That Multitude of Stars, those white Spots, which you Gentlemen Inhabitants of the Earth perceive in the heavenly Arch, and which you call the Milky Way, are nothing more or less, than Parcels of little Worlds, which have not been out of their Shells more than three or fourscore Ages. They seem to you extremely near one another, and they really are so in fact, because as yet they have acquired but little of their Growth, and consequently occupy but a small Space comparatively.

Nay

Nay more ! our System in particular, our Vortex, though entirely develloped, is not yet arrived to its last Degree of Maturity. The Planets are, as every Man knows, so many habitable Earths ; but they must attain a certain Degree of Maturity, before they can be peopled, and all are not yet arrived at that Degree. These different Globes are like so many large Apples, which though growing upon the same Tree, do not ripen all at the same Time.

*Mercury*, being nearest to the Sun ripened the first ; next *Venus*, and then the *Earth*. As soon as *Mercury* was come to Maturity, I was deputed thither with the original Germs of human Kind. When I arrived in that Planet, I sowed it, cultivated, and gathered in the Harvest in its Season. Then I departed for the Planet *Venus*, as soon as I was apprised by certain Couriers I had dispatched to observe the Country, that it had attained its full Maturity. I sowed, I peopled that Planet, and had from thence a new Provision of Seeds. In fine I left *Venus* about seven or eight thousand Years ago, and I arrived upon the *Earth*, where I have continued ever since, employed in sowing and gathering in my Harvest. Now at this Time I am just upon the Point of  
taking

taking my Flight into *Mars*, who ripens apace; from thence I shall depart for *Jupiter*; and I shall finish my Commission in *Saturn*, who, as yet these 12000 Years or more, will not be inhabitable——Yes! I calculate, that this Period of Time at the least will be necessary to bring him to Maturity, for, as thou knowest very well, he is extremely distant from the Sun.

As to those little Earths, which revolve around others of more Consequence, and which you call Moons, or Satellites, I do not take upon myself the Trouble of travelling thither in Person, in order to people them; but I send my Lieutenants. It is now about 500 Years ago, since I sent the Genius *Zamar* to your Moon with a good Stock of human Seeds. I do not in the least doubt, but the Multiplication of the Species is in a flourishing Condition; I am however surpris'd, that I have received no Dispatches from him as yet, and I expect them daily.

While *Amilec* discoursed with me, we continued to cut the Air with great Rapidity. Our Vehicle, whatever its Nature might be, was very easy, without Shock or Agitation; but the extreme Velocity of an Equipage of this Kind is apt to create some  
little



little Giddiness. In fine, we arrived at last to the End of our Journey, where the Magazine was built.

Represent to yourself an Apartment extremely spacious, the Walls covered with Boxes and Drawers properly partitioned, and distinguished by Labels; in the Middle is placed a large Table loaded with little Bags, Parcels, Pacquets, and Rolls of Paper; on every Side Workmen stand extremely busy, who winnow, sift, distribute, and pack up Parcels of Seeds; this is the View of the Inside of *Amilec's Magazine*.

You Men, says he, imagine, that the Genii think of nothing else but their Diversions, and that their whole Life is but one continued Chain of Pleasures. Judge of the others by me, and my Officers, and be more just in your Sentiments to the celestial Powers. Thou hast seen what Insight, Attention, and Patience is necessary to gather the Seeds of Man; thou perceivest, by the continual Labour, and constant Motion of the Genii employed in this Magazine, what Care is requisite to separate the Good from the Bad, which still interposes and hides it in spite of all the Attention, and the Sagacity of the Harvest Genii.

But if the Difficulties of gathering and separating

parating these Seeds be considerable, the Preservation itself of them is not less precarious. An Excess of Moisture corrupts them, too great a Drowth extenuates them, and violent Heats dissipate the Spirit which must one Day give them Life, extraordinary Cold freezes them, and destroys their Organisation, the open Air alters their Constitution, and a Want of sufficient Air suffocates and extinguishes Life in them. We must therefore study to preserve a certain Medium, and this is not easily obtained. They are likewise subject to another Inconvenience, the Mites attack them. The other Day, I know not by what Accident, I opened that Box, which has for its Label, *The Seeds of Conquerors*; how great was my Surprise, think you, when, instead of finding the Seed in a good Condition, I found scarce any thing but Dust! the Mites had devoured the very Essence of Greatness of Soul. More than two Thirds of my Heroes were either reduced to Powder, or had served as Nourishment to these little Insects: A most dismal and melancholy Spectacle! This Germ, who one Day should have been the Terror of Kings, could not stand the devouring Tooth of an insignificant Mite. How were his Laurels withered before their  
Time,

Time, Triumphs vanished into Smoke, strange Revolutions thus impeded in their Birth, and what a deplorable Loss this in the universal History of the Planet *Mars* ? The greatest Events, which were to have succeeded in this Planet, were linked together in one long Chain, of which this Conqueror's Seed was the first Link ; a single Mite broke this diminutive Link, and in the same Instant the whole Length of Chain fell to Pieces, all of it disappeared. What ! is thy Inclination now to laugh ! or rather, to weep at that Excess of diminutive Size, and Contempt, to which the great things of this World are reduced, when they are contemplated in their Origin ! However that be, by this terrible Rencounter between the Mites and the Conquerors, it has so happened, that almost all my *Alexanders*, my *Cæsars*, my *Charles* the 12ths, and many others, for ever nameless, have been irrecoverably destroyed. Yet such are my Circumstances, and present Sentiments upon this Matter, that I am not determined within myself, whether I have lost or gained by this Accident, or whether it be a Subject rather of Grief than Joy. Why should I in effect be sorry ? What, because perhaps I have not Seeds enough left for the Destruction of ten  
Cities



Cities annually? or because there will not perhaps be found in the Planet *Mars* any other Men, than honest, peaceable Mortals, disposed to live quietly with their Neighbours, and void of all Ambition? or perhaps because there will not be seen one Man, who bears a sufficient Sway, to assemble a certain Number of Individuals like himself, ready to cut the Throats of all they meet in their Way? In good sooth, I think, that when a Person has no other Subject of Complaint, he has very little Reason to be inconsolable.

I am of your Opinion, answered I, but still I think it hard, that celestial Powers should be obliged to take so much Pains in collecting a delicious Nourishment for a Parcel of miserable Mites, and that so diminutive, and so vile an Animal should boast, it had destroyed, in less than a Week, twenty *Alexanders*, and as many *Cæsars*, without growing the fatter for it. But however that be, my Lord *Amilec*, it seems to me, that you are employed in a superfluous Labour. Find only upon the Earth two or three Seeds of Man, take care to pick up those alone who are prolific, and like to yield a sufficient Increase, and then in time you will have a sufficient Quantity to people

the whole Planet of *Mars*. Thou art an excellent Projector, says *Amilec* smartly; go, and say to the Farmer, who sows his Ground; “Why do you put yourself to so great an Expence? Carry back to your House that Multitude of Seeds, of which you are so prodigal. One alone will suffice, in time you may stock your whole Land. How many Ages are necessary for this?” —

*Amilec* was interrupted by one of the Harvest Genii, who rushed in suddenly, and said, “Let who will take up my Office, for my part, I renounce it. I would as soon be obliged to find Truth among the Philosophers. Because you have found me to be a Person of some Talents, you load me with every difficult Task. What Pains have I not taken to provide you with a few Seeds of irreproachable Judges? did I not deserve to have a little Rest, after I had fulfilled a Duty so troublesome? Not at all: now must I set out once more in search of some good Ecclesiastical Seeds. And where, do you imagine, I shall find it? Absolutely there is no more to be found; or if there be any, it is so blended with a prodigious Multitude of false Germs, that it is not discoverable. You  
— imagine

“ imagine yourself frequently possessed of  
 “ good Ecclesiastical Seeds, and behold, upon  
 “ a nicer Scrutiny, you find nothing in your  
 “ Hands but a vast Multitude of degene-  
 “ rate Monks. You should have given me  
 “ this Commission ten or twelve Centu-  
 “ ries ago ; and I could have provided  
 “ you abundantly in those Times. But  
 “ then you did not foresee our present  
 “ Difficulties, and you amused yourself in  
 “ making a Provision of Seeds from some  
 “ certain modest Virgins, certain virtuous  
 “ Wives, and chaste Widows ; and you  
 “ thought you should never have enough  
 “ of this kind. In the mean time the Ec-  
 “ clestical Harvest slipped away imper-  
 “ ceptibly ; you have since recollected your-  
 “ self ; but, alas ! that Time is no more ! ”

When the Ecclesiastical Harvest Genius had  
 thus terminated his Complaints, he present-  
 ed to *Amilec* a very small Box, not above  
 half full, and the whole Fruit of his La-  
 bour. *Amilec* received it, and said, Go,  
 be industrious, and do not lose Courage. If  
 you search with Diligence, you will find as  
 yet some Men full of the Spirit of God, Per-  
 sons of Learning, diffident of their own  
 Strength and Reason, rich Prelates, who re-  
 ceive with one Hand to give it away with



the other ; and zealous Pastors, who do not sleep over their Flocks. The apostolical Germs are not yet all spent : you will find indeed but few, but however you will find some. Having thus dismissed the disgusted Genius, *Amilec* threw the Ecclesiastical Seed, which he had just received, into a Sieve, which served to separate the good Seed from the bad. He shook the Sieve ; and, during this Action, I saw more than half the Seeds fall through to the Ground. They were of different Colours ; some of them were black, some were white, others grey, and others parti-coloured. *Amilec* continued to sift, till at last there passed through the Sieve, as it were a Hail Storm of Sectary Seeds, which repelling each other by their mutual Elasticity, seemed to express that reciprocal Aversion and Disdain, which was one Day to animate them. *Amilec* cast away to the Winds, what the Sieve would not retain, and reserved the Remainder with great Care.

Scarce had the Ecclesiastical Seeds been packed up, when another Genius entered. This Person seemed to be excessively fatigued, and he bent under the Weight of an enormous Sack full up to the Top. What kind of Men are these which germinate in such Quantities ? says I to *Amilec*. This Sack,

Sack, answers he, is full of the Germs of Authors. Do not be surpris'd at their immense Number; there are but very few good Germs, most of them excessively bad; to separate the one Sort from the other is one of the most troublesome Employments we have: you yourself shall be a Witness of this Truth.

He caus'd immediately a South Window to be opened, and another opposite to the North. In the mean time, four of the most vigorous Genii, who happened to be present, laid hold of the Bottom of the Sack, as if they had design'd to empty it, and lifted it up as high as they could. Then *Amilec* drew near, and slipped the Knot which fasten'd the Mouth of the Sack. The Seeds fell out tumultuously, and immediately form'd, as it were, a Cloud of Dust, which the Wind, entering at the South Window, carried away with Rapidity to the North. That Cloud, which you see hurried away by the Wind, says *Amilec*, is for the most part made up of the Seeds of Romance Writers, half-witted Poets, frivolous Pamphleteers, and other Authors of Trifles, which have been written without Thought, published with Assurance in a Spirit of Self-sufficiency, and please, nobody knows why. The Wind,

as thou hast seen, has carried away almost the whole Contents of the Sack ; scarce does there remain one in a thousand able enough by its Weight to resist the Current of Air. But even of this little Remainder much yet is to be substracted. When he had spoke these Words, he received from the Hands of a Genius standing by him a little Ball, which seemed to me to be of Gold. He placed this Ball in the Midst of the Seeds which remained upon the Floor, and I saw about one half of the Number attracted by it with Violence, and the other half repelled from it with great Rapidity. I found upon Enquiry, that an approved Germ of a wise Man was placed in the Center of this little Globe, which by the Powers of Sympathy and Antipathy, had a Virtue attractive of the Seed of good Authors, and repulsive of the bad ; such particularly, as rash, restless, and seducing, have acquired the dangerous Art of making Vice appear amiable to the Eyes of the Weak, of obscuring the clearest Truths, and of transplanting the Seeds of Discord and Trouble into a Land of Charity and Peace. After the Seeds had been thus divided, a Genius gathered those which adhered to the little Globe, another swept away those which had been repelled by it, and



and a third brought in a square Box, the Lid of which was an excessive thin Plate of Metal. This, says *Amilec*, is the last Kind of Assay, by which we try the Seeds of Authors. When the Box was placed upon the Table, they spread upon its Lid the small Quantity of Seeds which had stood the precedent Trials. How great was my Surprise, when I saw on a sudden more than three Fourths disappear? Why you will have none left, says I, with an Air of Emotion. There will remain but very few, says *Amilec* coolly, but they will be perfectly good. This Box contains a Germ of every original Author who ever appeared since the Beginning of Writing. Those Seeds which upon touching the Lid of the Box vanished, and disappeared, fell from the several Classes of Plagiaries, Compilers, Commentators, and other Writers of that kind. Their Substance does not belong to them, but to the original Germs contained in the Box; each of them attracts to itself its own Property, and the Plagiaries are by this means extenuated even to Annihilation.

How advantageous would it be, adds *Amilec*, if Men could but sift the Works of different Authors, as we have the Secret of assaying their Seeds? how much would the

immense Trouble of the Studious be abridged? and those vast Libraries, the Extent of which strike you with Astonishment, how would they contract into small Cabinets? Human Sciences would thus be reduced into a very small Compass, and the most ordinary Memory not overloaded.

Whilst they were packing up the Authors Seeds which had resisted every Trial, as I have described, a Genius entered, who took up my whole Attention. I did not imagine at first that he was one of the Harvest Genii; I did not see about him either Bag, or Box. He drew near to *Amilec*, and presented to him a small conic Roll of Paper. "It is happy for us, says he, that we are in  
 " a manner provided sufficiently with the  
 " Seeds of Lovers; I protest, it is now  
 " grown so exceeding rare, that scarce any  
 " more can be found upon the Earth." Nothing could have surprised me more than this Declaration. I interrupted him immediately, Pray, honest Friend, whence do you come? where have you been employed? says I to him, with a kind of a Sneer, (for now I began to be something more familiar with the celestial Powers.) "I have been a harvesting in thy  
 " Country, Friend, says he briskly, I saw  
 " thee, and was not at all tempted to collect  
 " any of thy Seed." At these Words

*Amilec*

*Amilec* burst out into a loud Fit of Laughter, in which his Attendants joined him, and put me out of Countenance. This Incident however did not prevent me from drawing near to *Amilec*, and whispering him in the Ear ; You have there, said I, a very bad Workman, he comes from a Country, in which, of all Regions of the Universe, the Passion of Love reigns with the most absolute Sway. As many Men as you meet there, so many Lovers. Let a Genius but extend his Hand, the Seeds of Lovers will fall into it by thousands. I do not know how your Harvest Genii there employ their Time, but this I am sure of, that this Genius here has diverted himself instead of working. Once more I tell you, you have there a very bad Workman. Not so bad as you imagine, replies *Amilec*. He has not found in thy Country, as many Lovers as you idly persuade yourself. Of all Parts of the Universe, it is the Country where they talk most of Love, and where they have the least of this Passion. Dost thou know what Love is ? there are two Kinds ; one is hasty, frothy, impetuous, talks much, but expresses much more than it feels. It is a Fire which spends itself like a Spark, has all its Vivacity and Lustre, but is of short Continuance.



nuance. There is another Sort, timorous, reserved, less brilliant, but more solid ; less talkative, but more sincere ; less lively, but more lasting ; it springs from Nature, and not from Caprice, increases gradually, engages itself with Choice, and when once united to its beloved Object, is then inseparable. The first Kind, which scarce deserves the Name of Love, is that of thy Country ; the second Sort is scarce to be found any where. This Genius, whom you condemn so readily, has not been above fifty Years in my Service. He has employed that whole Time in a very strict Attendance upon the Persons of all those, who are esteemed to be the most tender Lovers. You see, however, how very rare this Kind of Seed is ; he has scarce found a sufficient Quantity to fill this little Roll of Paper ; but even of that small Number he has found, I doubt not but that I shall be obliged to lay aside a great Part of it.

While *Amilec* was speaking, they presented to him a crystal Vase, full of a transparent Liquor, and which exhaled a most balmy, agreeable Odour. He opened the Roll of Paper, which he held in his Hand, and dropped into the Vase the Lovers Seed, all which at first swam upon the  
the

the Surface. This Liquor, says he, is a Composition extracted on purpose to try the Seeds of Lovers. Though extremely volatile, it preserves its Virtue for many Ages and I renew it only once in three thousand Years. The Ingredients are, of Ethereal Spirit four Ounces; of the Influence of the Planet *Venus* four Grains; of the sympathetic, or perspirable Matter from *Leander* and *Hero*, each half a Pound. I distil these three Fluids, and from their Principles, mixed together, this precious Liquor derives all its Virtues. Dost thou see those Germs, which sink one after another to the Bottom of the Vase? These are the Seeds of true Lovers. They bear a great Analogy in their Nature with the Principles of this Water. They imbibe it, and then precipitate to the Bottom, as Plants infused in other Liquids do, as soon as they are saturated. The other Seeds, which remain upon the Surface, after this Trial, if I was not to take them off, would, by the Depravity of their Nature, remain eternally there, neither impregnating themselves with Liquor, nor precipitating to the Bottom. About one Quarter of an Hour hence they will be taken off, and thrown aside, and this will be the Fate of more than one half of the Quantity; the

Re-

Remainder I shall give Orders to dry, and reserve for use in proper Time.

I was quite astonished at what I heard, and what I saw. I could have been positive that my Country alone might have furnished of Lovers Seed, a sufficient Quantity to stock twenty Magazines, such as was this of *Amilec*. How great was my Mistake? what I had here seen induced me to make a small Calculation, and I found upon these Principles, after proper Allowances, that of six thousand Lovers nearly, such as I have frequently seen in my dear Country, not above five or six can be found, whose Germs would precipitate in this Liquor: all the rest are much too light, and would infallibly remain upon the Surface.

While I was engaged in this Calculation, I perceived a Genius shaking with Violence a certain Quantity of Seed, inclosed in a Glass Phial. I drew near, and asked him to what Purpose he took so much Pains? Sometimes, answers he, we receive Seeds with certain Qualities and Characters, which serve to distinguish them from others, and from such Seeds your Men of Titles take their rise; but then these Seeds are often so extenuated, that we are apprehensive, lest they lose their prolific Virtue. To obviate this  
Danger,



Danger, we amalgamate, as thou seest, and mix them with the Seeds of rich Merchants, or other Citizens of great Substance. These indeed have none of these distinguishing Characters, but they are full, succulent, and high fed. By this Amalgamation the Seeds reciprocally communicate to each other, what is wanting. The only Misfortune is, that the Grains of Quality are somewhat tarnished and disfigured, while they increase in Substance, and the mercantile Seeds lose Part of their Succulency, while they imbibe new Colours.

Scarce had the amalgamating Genius finished his Discourse, when *Amilec*, who was looking out of the Window, cried out of a sudden, Long looked for comes at last ! I have expected for some time News from the Moon ; and now I see a Courier advancing with Speed, which my Lieutenant *Zamar* has undoubtedly dispatched to me from that Globe. A Flash of Lightning does not divide the Air with more Rapidity. An Instant after he had spoke, behold the Courier Genius at the Feet of *Amilec* ; and he delivered to him a Letter from *Zamar*.

Scarce had the Letter been delivered, when the Genii, who were then present in the Magazine, surrounded the Courier ; and every

every one having his own particular Occupation in View, asked him, all together, a thousand different Questions. “What News concerning the Lunar Logicians? I am sure I had trouble enough to find any tolerable Seeds : I found an Abundance of subtle Logicians, but scarce any reasonable. . . . . How goes on Natural Philosophy in the Moon? A fine Country to be sure for Systems, and no want of indefinite Space! . . . . . The Protectors of Learning, your modern *Mæcenas*’s, have they taken firm root, and do they thrive in those Climates? I gathered such a Quantity of this kind of Seed upon the Earth, that the Species begins to fail.” . . . They talked all at the same Time, scarce any one could hear his Neighbour. *Amiles* called them all to himself, they drew near, and formed a Circle around him. Then he opened the Letter that he had just received, and read in an audible Voice, what follows.

*Zamar to Amilec, Grand-Master of the human  
Manufacture, Success and Happiness.*

Most illustrious *Amilec*,

‘ **T** H E R E are now elapsed, as you  
‘ know, five hundred Years, since,  
‘ by your Orders, I left the Earth, in or-  
‘ der to people the Moon with proper In-  
‘ habitants. My Passage was short and  
‘ easy. I had taken such Precautions in  
‘ packing up the Seeds of Mankind, which  
‘ you had intrusted to my Care, that  
‘ throughout my whole Journey I did not  
‘ lose one single Grain.

‘ But how great was my Astonishment,  
‘ when, upon my Arrival there, I found  
‘ that Planet much better peopled in pro-  
‘ portion than the Earth was, from whence  
‘ I departed. Surprised at so extraordi-  
‘ nary an Event, I applied myself, with  
‘ much Attention, to discover the Cause.  
‘ After many Researches, I think I have at  
‘ last discovered it; and this is my Opinion  
‘ upon the Matter.

‘ You have observed yourself, upon the  
‘ Earth, that the Seeds of the thoughtless,  
‘ and most irrational Part of Mankind are  
‘ excessively light, volatile, and less dense,  
‘ than



' than an equal Volume of Air. As soon  
 ' as a Seed detaches itself from a Man of  
 ' this Character, instead of falling to the  
 ' Ground, as the others do, or remaining  
 ' suspended at a small Height from the  
 ' Ground, it rises up in the Atmosphere, as  
 ' Exhalations do, which Heat rarifies, and  
 ' carries up into the Air. As this Kind of  
 ' Seed rises higher, it grows proportionably  
 ' dry, and the more it is by this means ex-  
 ' tenuated, the more does it lose of the  
 ' little Weight it had, and, consequently,  
 ' continues to rise higher and higher; in  
 ' fine, when it reaches the highest ae-  
 ' rial Region, it passes into pure Ether,  
 ' where it is hurried continually from one  
 ' place to another by the different Currents,  
 ' and Action of that restless Fluid.

' Besides all this, you must know, illu-  
 ' strious *Amilec*, that the Air which sur-  
 ' rounds the Moon is extremely subtil,  
 ' very light, and lively; Qualities entirely  
 ' analogous to the Nature and Properties of  
 ' this Seed. The Moon in the Course of  
 ' its Revolution round the Earth, has cer-  
 ' tainly met with some of these Seeds dis-  
 ' persed here and there in the Sphere of the  
 ' ethereal Matter; these Seeds consequently  
 ' by their Analogy with the Lunar Atmo-  
 ' sphere

' sphere are rendered fruitful, accumulate,  
' and fall upon the Surface of this Planet.  
' When they have been sufficiently impreg-  
' nated with the Heat of the Sun, which in  
' these Regions is extreme, they open, the  
' Men come forth, the new Inhabitants spread  
' themselves every where, and the Lunar  
' Countries are peopled. You are too good  
' a Philosopher, most illustrious *Amilec*,  
' not to be satisfied with this ingenious  
' System.

' Human Seeds are not the only ones  
' which ascend up to the Moon ; there are  
' of all Kinds, both vegetable and animal ;  
' infomuch, that nothing can be observed  
' upon the Earth, of which you have not a  
' Resemblance in the Moon.

' All these Seeds are much extenuated for  
' want of Moisture, in their Passage from  
' one Planet to the other : and therefore the  
' several Individuals, which proceed from  
' them, appear emaciated, and are short-  
' lived. The Life of Man, among other  
' Beings here, is but of a very short Dura-  
' tion ; he is in the Flower of his Age at ten  
' Years, begins to grow old at twenty, and  
' the Age of thirty is generally his utmost  
' Period. But this is not at all surprizing :  
' nothing, as I am informed, is now more  
' com-

‘ common, even upon the Earth, than old  
 ‘ Men of thirty Years.

‘ Yet this is not all; what I am now to  
 ‘ relate, most illustrious *Amilec*, will certainly  
 ‘ surprise you; the Air of the Moon is in-  
 ‘ fested with certain contagious Particles,  
 ‘ which, in the Nature of your terrestrial  
 ‘ Mildews, infest both Plants and Animals  
 ‘ to such a Degree, that they extinguish to-  
 ‘ tally their prolific Quality: Infomuch,  
 ‘ that in this Country, Plants, Animals,  
 ‘ Men, Women, all are barren, no Being  
 ‘ reproduces its Successor.

‘ Do not however therefore imagine, that  
 ‘ any Species ever perishes in the Moon; the  
 ‘ Earth provides, and might furnish Seeds of  
 ‘ every Kind in great Abundance, particu-  
 ‘ larly the Seeds of young Fools of Quality,  
 ‘ more than sufficient for ten Moons, if so  
 ‘ many revolved in its Sphere. In one  
 ‘ word, Children spring up in every Part  
 ‘ upon the Moon’s Surface; and certain  
 ‘ Persons deputed to that Purpose, in parti-  
 ‘ cular Seasons, are employed in looking out,  
 ‘ and gathering them, as upon the Earth  
 ‘ they search for, and gather Mushrooms.

‘ These Foundlings are carefully distri-  
 ‘ buted, and assigned to the Care of several  
 ‘ private Persons, to some more, to others  
 ‘ less,



' less, according to their several Abilities, or  
 ' the Richness of the Harvest. It is supri-  
 ' sing to observe the Attachment, and pro-  
 ' digious Affection these Fathers of Families  
 ' have for Children who are entire Stran-  
 ' gers, and come to them from unknown  
 ' Regions. But it is an Effect of Providence  
 ' not uncommon, which inclines even the  
 ' Passions and Follies of Mankind to some  
 ' useful general Purpose, of which you have  
 ' many Examples in this very particular  
 ' Case upon the Earth.

' As soon as I had imagined myself suf-  
 ' ficiently acquainted with the Manner of  
 ' peopling, and propagating in the Moon,  
 ' I was curious to know the Genius, Tem-  
 ' per, and Inclinations of the Inhabitants.  
 ' With a very little Share of Reflection, it  
 ' is true, I might have guessed pretty well  
 ' how Matters stood in this particular, and  
 ' this without any farther Enquiry, but I  
 ' was willing to proceed, as the Moderns do,  
 ' by strict Observation. This People, as I  
 ' observed above, derive their Origin from  
 ' the Seeds of the most thoughtless Part of  
 ' Mankind upon Earth, and a Generation  
 ' of this Sort carries with it an extraordinary  
 ' and an indelible Influence. Besides all this,  
 ' they inhabit a Planet which turns round its  
 ' own

' own Center, revolves round the Earth, and  
 ' circulates round the Sun : it is impossible  
 ' but such a Variety of Rotations should not  
 ' affect their Brain considerably ; no Head  
 ' can be found strong enough to bear it ;  
 ' turn they must with the whole revolving  
 ' Machine, and in fact, so they do to some  
 ' Purpose. Nothing so giddy as the Inha-  
 ' bitants of the Moon : they carry their Ex-  
 ' travagance so high, as to believe, and affirm  
 ' seriously, that it is not possible to be happy  
 ' without Folly, and they look upon the  
 ' Power they have acquired, by continual  
 ' Efforts of banishing Thought, to be the  
 ' only useful Quality a Man of Figure  
 ' can display to recommend himself effect-  
 ' ually.

' With this View they have established in  
 ' the Moon Schools of Distraction and Fol-  
 ' ly, in which they advance wonderfully,  
 ' just in the same Manner as they have in-  
 ' stituted upon the Earth Academies of Phi-  
 ' losophy and Wisdom, but with this Diffe-  
 ' rence, that the Progress in these two Sci-  
 ' ences is scarce sensible.

' On the Earth, where you are, illustrious  
 ' *Amilec*, they deplore the Limits of Man's  
 ' Understanding, and use great Efforts to  
 ' ex-

' extend it; here they judge it to be natu-  
 ' rally too extensive, and labour with all their  
 ' Might to contract it. The Inhabitants of  
 ' the Earth complain, and say; *The greatest*  
 ' *Genius moves but in a very narrow Sphere;*  
 ' *if he confines himself within its Bounds, he*  
 ' *must sit down content with his Ignorance.*  
 ' *If he offers to enlarge his Views, he grows*  
 ' *wild, then mad, and then proceeds to form*  
 ' *new Systems.* The Men of the Moon com-  
 ' plain likewise, and say; *The dullest Genius*  
 ' *has still too much Penetration; he sees too*  
 ' *many Truths, this Knowledge distracts and*  
 ' *disturbs him; we are not made to know the*  
 ' *World, but to enjoy it.*

' On the Earth Men are told, they must  
 ' despise all they see, and take no Pleasure  
 ' in any thing that surrounds them: in the  
 ' Moon they are encouraged to prize every  
 ' thing, and make it a Matter of Amuse-  
 ' ment. But all these Exhortations turn  
 ' frequently to little purpose; there are ma-  
 ' ny things upon Earth extremely despi-  
 ' cable, which yet please us; in the Moon  
 ' many things are much esteemed, and yet  
 ' afford little Amusement.

' Man loses himself upon the Earth, and  
 ' turns Fool, because he will obstinately  
 ' pursue Objects, which are out of his reach;

' in



‘ in the Moon they are not less extravagant,  
 ‘ because they will apply to nothing.  
 ‘ They are unhappy upon the Earth, be-  
 ‘ cause they are not wise enough ; they are  
 ‘ unhappy in the Moon (for Happiness is  
 ‘ not the Portion either of one or the other  
 ‘ Planet) because they are not absolute Fools.  
 ‘ They are indeed very far advanced in this  
 ‘ happy Disposition, but there yet remains  
 ‘ some small Degree of Reflection, and that,  
 ‘ small as it is, serves only to torment them.  
 ‘ To be happy a Man must either have much  
 ‘ Thought, or none at all ; nevertheless, the  
 ‘ Men of the Moon pursue Happiness with  
 ‘ as much Eagerness as the terrestrial In-  
 ‘ habitants, but in a very different Way.  
 ‘ Their Maxims tend to stupify, as much  
 ‘ as possible, and extinguish all Sensibility to  
 ‘ Pain, and sharpen their Taste for Pleasure :  
 ‘ the Philosophy, on the contrary, of the  
 ‘ terrestrial Inhabitants, strives to make Men  
 ‘ happy by rendering them insensible to  
 ‘ Pain, Pleasure, and every other Sensation.  
 ‘ Here, as upon the Earth, they declaim  
 ‘ with great Violence against the Passion of  
 ‘ Love, but upon very different Motives.  
 ‘ Upon the Earth, they say that Love is a  
 ‘ Rock, upon which Wisdom splits : in the  
 ‘ Moon they say, it is the very Bane of all  
 ‘ Folly.

‘ Folly. In effect, when a Fool falls in  
 ‘ Love, his Imagination is fixed, and he  
 ‘ begins to think, perhaps, for the first time.  
 ‘ Scarce is it given to the Gods, say the  
 ‘ Gentlemen of the Moon, to love without  
 ‘ Thought.

‘ It is much more uncommon here to  
 ‘ meet with old Men than it is upon the  
 ‘ Earth, and yet they have no Physicians;  
 ‘ without Lawyers, or Laws, or Commen-  
 ‘ taries; Justice has as small a Share in their  
 ‘ Decisions, as any where else; and Cha-  
 ‘ rity is extremely rare, though no Person  
 ‘ makes Vows to observe it.

‘ The Sciences are neither much esteemed,  
 ‘ nor much cultivated: yet we find here a  
 ‘ sufficient Number of Natural Philosophers;  
 ‘ but they dare not proclaim themselves, as  
 ‘ they do with you, for Men of Learning;  
 ‘ they term their Profession Commerce, and  
 ‘ call themselves Natural Merchants. Of these  
 ‘ Merchants, some deal by wholesale, others  
 ‘ by retail. The wholesale Natural Merchants  
 ‘ are your System-Forgers. They depart  
 ‘ from certain simple Principles, yet fruitful  
 ‘ in Consequences, and from one Point in  
 ‘ reasoning to another, they conduct you at  
 ‘ last to Discoveries, which they place among  
 ‘ the Marvellous. I will add, in this re-  
 ‘ spect,

' spect, illustrious *Amilec*, that they carry to  
 ' a great Height the Idea of a Plurality of  
 ' Worlds. They know perfectly that *Mer-*  
 ' *cury*, *Venus*, all the other Planets, and their  
 ' Satellites, are so many inhabited, or inhabi-  
 ' table Worlds. Tell them, that a Philoso-  
 ' pher who reasons in this manner, from  
 ' what he discovers upon his own little Ha-  
 ' bitation, is like a Plowman looking out of  
 ' his little Hut upon a high Road, who should  
 ' conclude, that every Passenger he sees is  
 ' lousy, because he himself is lousy; they  
 ' will laugh, but yet they will believe. They  
 ' know moreover, that every fixed Star is a  
 ' Sun, who, from the Center of its System,  
 ' enlightens its Planets, as our Sun throws  
 ' Light, and commands its own Subjects.  
 ' But besides all these fine Speculations, they  
 ' assert confidently, that every minute Glo-  
 ' bule of Water having, as no Man can  
 ' doubt, in every minute Part a vortical Mo-  
 ' tion, and being impregnated with ethereal  
 ' Matter, which gives it its self-intimate at-  
 ' tractive Force, must likewise be a little  
 ' World, in the Center of which a little Sun  
 ' must exist, which enlightens Planets still  
 ' less placed in the Circumference of the Sy-  
 ' stem; infomuch, that when a Lunar Phi-  
 ' losopher swallows a Glass of Water, he  
 ' swells



‘ swells with Pride, and looks upon himself  
 ‘ as a most monstrous, immense Animal,  
 ‘ feeding upon an inconceivable Multitude  
 ‘ of Suns, Earths, Moons, and Planets. Nay,  
 ‘ more, say they, what a Globule of Water,  
 ‘ or an aqueous World is in our respect,  
 ‘ that precisely is our whole visible System to,  
 ‘ some other much more extended ; and it,  
 ‘ may happen that our Sun, fixed Stars, and  
 ‘ all our visible Worlds put together, being  
 ‘ but as a Drop of Water, some other pro-  
 ‘ portionably enormous Animal inhabiting  
 ‘ a much higher, and more extended System,  
 ‘ than we can possibly imagine, may swallow  
 ‘ us up perhaps upon the first Occasion ; a  
 ‘ Misfortune which may happen every Day.

‘ The Retail Natural Merchants abandon,  
 ‘ as they say, the Body of the Tree of  
 ‘ Knowledge to fix upon the Branches on-  
 ‘ ly. They neglect general Views, and give  
 ‘ up all their Attention to certain little Inci-  
 ‘ dents. A Stone, a certain kind of Salt, an  
 ‘ Insect, a mere Nothing is enough to em-  
 ‘ ploy them during their whole Lives. Give  
 ‘ to any one of them a Gnat and a Micro-  
 ‘ scope, and behold, instantly, my little Gen-  
 ‘ tleman quite happy ; peeping, winking,  
 ‘ chattering, describing every Trifle with an  
 ‘ Air of Importance, and minuting down  
 C number-

' numberless Observations. Three Volumes  
 ' will, after a few Days Enquiry, be the Fruit  
 ' of his Labours, dedicated to some great  
 ' Man in the Moon, adorned with Copper-  
 ' Plates, and consecrated by his Imperial  
 ' Majesty's Letters Patent. The first Vo-  
 ' lume treats of the Head of the Gnat; the  
 ' second of his Trunk, or Proboscis, which  
 ' is averred to resemble that of the Elephant;  
 ' the third, of his Legs and Wings. He  
 ' may even, to satisfy the supposed Eager-  
 ' ness of the Public for Performances of this  
 ' Nature, perhaps, give a Supplement much  
 ' more copious than the original Work,  
 ' wherein he will treat at large, and discuss  
 ' with scrupulous Head, upon the Manner  
 ' of distinguishing the Male from the Fe-  
 ' male.

' In two Words, this is the whole Hi-  
 ' story of Lunatic Philosophy. They began  
 ' to reason, and they found themselves at a  
 ' loss; they then had recourse to Experi-  
 ' ment, or Observation, and they were little  
 ' better for it. Some few thought of Rea-  
 ' soning, and Observing at the same time;  
 ' but they were more in love with Interest or  
 ' Vanity, than Truth; and this Method they  
 ' found to be so excessive slow, that it did not  
 ' answer their Purposes: the greatest Part  
 ' there-

‘ therefore, in a Fit of Disgust, abandoned it  
‘ with little or no Success.

‘ It happened, moreover, to compleat the  
‘ Jest, that a new Class of People sprung up;  
‘ Persons who assure, with great Gravity,  
‘ that the Whole is bigger than a Part, and  
‘ that four less one are equal to three. These  
‘ said to the Lunar Philosophers; Gentle-  
‘ men! without us it is in vain for you to  
‘ imagine you can make any Progress;  
‘ pray make use of us for your Guides:  
‘ here is a Compass, this a Sector, and those  
‘ Counters, Measure, and Calculate, return  
‘ once more to your Alphabet, without this  
‘ no Hopes of Success. They were believed,  
‘ like some Enthusiasts of the Earth, upon  
‘ their bare Asseveration, their strange Fi-  
‘ gure, mortify’d Faces, and uncouth Style,  
‘ procured them a certain Credit; Philoso-  
‘ phy was removed, and placed upon a new  
‘ Foundation; Rules were imagined ex-  
‘ tremely clear, exact, and unquestionable;  
‘ the Application became so fashionable and  
‘ universal, that the very Herb-women durst  
‘ not talk of Plants, but in the new Style; but  
‘ when it became thus of general Use, they  
‘ perceived at last, they had only exchanged  
‘ one arbitrary Sign for another, Words, for  
‘ numerical Figures, and that Mankind in



‘ fact were neither better nor wiser for the  
 ‘ Change.

‘ The Lunatic Philosophers then hit upon  
 ‘ another Expedient. The Work of the  
 ‘ great Creator seemed to them too extensive;  
 ‘ they agreed to divide it, as a Troop of  
 ‘ hungry Heirs divide an Inheritance. The  
 ‘ several Portions were accordingly distri-  
 ‘ buted among them; every Man retired,  
 ‘ and worked at his Task: but the first  
 ‘ Time they assembled together, they per-  
 ‘ ceived, with much Surprise, like the Buil-  
 ‘ ders of *Babel*, that every one spoke his own  
 ‘ Language, and was perfectly unintelli-  
 ‘ gible to his Neighbour. From thence new  
 ‘ Dissentions and strange civil Wars broke  
 ‘ out, to the no small Disturbance of the  
 ‘ Commonwealth of Learning. A Set of Mo-  
 ‘ ral Philosophers started up, who preached  
 ‘ Indolence, which they mistook for Peace;  
 ‘ but they were hurried away by the Multi-  
 ‘ tude of Combatants, and trampled under  
 ‘ Foot.

‘ Besides these Inconveniencies, there were  
 ‘ many other Reasons why they could not  
 ‘ possibly succeed by dividing and subdivid-  
 ‘ ing the Inheritance of Nature. Each Por-  
 ‘ tion, how contracted soever it seemed, and  
 ‘ diminutive, when given out, grew immensely  
 ‘ under

under the Eyes of the Philosopher who was charged with it. Nature is the *Hydra* of the Fable : you cut off one Head, and seven new ones start up instantaneously.

Another Inconvenience is, that all the imaginable Phænomena of Nature are linked together, and form a Chain, which cannot be divided without destroying it. A Philosopher, who but studies one small Part, can never fathom it. It is linked with all the others, and how can its Relations be discovered, or a compleat Comparison instituted, unless you know all the Terms ? To make any kind of Progress, a Man must necessarily be universal.

In the midst of all these Difficulties, the ultimate Resolution of the Lunar Philosophers was to make Experiments. Let us collect, said they, Materials at least in great Abundance ; some one Architect will come at last, who will reduce them into Order, cement them properly together, and build the great System of Nature. They have therefore prepared the Way for this great Man, but he has not as yet appeared. In the mean time, the *Fasts* of the Republic swell into whole Libraries ; Memoirs are daily published, Facts multiply, Experiments are accumulated, human Under-

' standing is struck with Astonishment, and  
 ' loses itself, the Case becomes daily more  
 ' desperate, and I am afraid will at last be  
 ' given up entirely, unless some new *Am-*  
 ' *phion* appears, who by the Sound of his  
 ' Lyre may animate this wild Chaos of Ma-  
 ' terials, and raise by Enchantment the so  
 ' much expected Edifice.

' We find likewise here, my Lord *Amilec*,  
 ' Literati of different kinds; and actually  
 ' at this time of Writing, some Works are  
 ' extremely current, which make a great  
 ' deal of Noise.

' The Title of the first is, *The Theatre*  
 ' *of human Life, or a Collection of Nothings.*  
 ' The Work comes from the Pen of a bur-  
 ' lesque Writer, who decomposes in a jo-  
 ' cose Manner all those Things, which Men  
 ' commonly value excessively, and analyses  
 ' them to nothing. Scarce had this Book  
 ' seen the Light, when it became suspected,  
 ' and was placed in the Index of forbidden  
 ' Books. An Assembly was ordered, and  
 ' the *most distinguished Fools* were summoned  
 ' to appear; (it was as if a Man was to say  
 ' upon the Earth, *the most famous Philoso-*  
 ' *phers.*) The Work was examined with  
 ' as little Expence of Thought as it was pos-  
 ' sible, and definitively condemned at the  
 ' same



' same rate. The Author was imprisoned  
 ' for Life, and the Book judged pernicious,  
 ' diametrically opposite to the Doctrine of  
 ' the World of the Moon, and totally con-  
 ' trary to the well-being of Mankind in his  
 ' present State, whatever might become of  
 ' him hereafter notwithstanding. The Cen-  
 ' sure opens with these fine Maxims. *We*  
 ' *know sufficiently the Vanity and short Du-*  
 ' *ration of what seems to be most fixed, the*  
 ' *diminutive Size of the tallest Men, the No-*  
 ' *thing of every thing. These Kinds of Re-*  
 ' *flections, which arise in spite of ourselves*  
 ' *within ourselves, give us already but too*  
 ' *much Disgust for Life. To suggest any new*  
 ' *Considerations of this Sort, is to kill us cut-*  
 ' *right, and break the weak Bands which*  
 ' *bind us in Society together; it is a Method*  
 ' *of rendering contemptible in our Sight, our*  
 ' *Friends, our Wives, our Children, our Fel-*  
 ' *low-citizens, and the whole World; nay*  
 ' *even of making us insupportable to ourselves.*  
 ' *Happy is the Man who sees but the Outside*  
 ' *of every Object! He has the Pleasure of*  
 ' *attaching himself to Men of every Fashion*  
 ' *and Nation, without being deterred by their*  
 ' *Wickedness; he adores in his dearly beloved*  
 ' *Wife a Virtue, without any Concern about*  
 ' *its Frailty; he enjoys the good Things of*  
 ' *this*

' *this Life without any Disgust, Fear, or*  
 ' *Remorse, and their short Duration, or little*  
 ' *Solidity, gives him no Disquiet; he is not*  
 ' *concerned about an Hereafter, and thinks a*  
 ' *future State, &c. as in the Lunar De-*  
 ' *cree, which was made public upon the*  
 ' *Occasion, and may be read at length by*  
 ' *every Traveller, who roams into those*  
 ' *acro-ethereal Regions.*

' The second of the Lunar Works, which  
 ' actually at this time makes the most Noise,  
 ' is, *The great Universal Dictionary, whereby*  
 ' *you are taught to speak upon every Subject,*  
 ' *and to reason upon nothing.* A Work ex-  
 ' tremely useful to the Indolent, and so ne-  
 ' cessary to every Smatterer in Learning, that  
 ' they cannot possibly support the Reputa-  
 ' tion they have acquired among our mo-  
 ' dern Nobility and Gentry, who do not  
 ' read at all, without it.

' The third is inscribed, *The Spirit of Ar-*  
 ' *chitecture*, in which, after it had been pre-  
 ' viously hinted, that Orders, Harmony,  
 ' Proportions, Distribution, and Conveni-  
 ' ence, were necessary Relations in every  
 ' Building, without which it cannot well sub-  
 ' sist, the Reader is taught, that the best  
 ' Method of attaining these essential Proper-  
 ' ties is, for every Mason, and inferior  
 ' Work-

‘ Workman, to act upon a separate Plan,  
 ‘ without a general Design, Rule, Compass,  
 ‘ or Plummet. The Reason for this extra-  
 ‘ ordinary Method is good and demonstra-  
 ‘ tive. *What has been pre-established before*  
 ‘ *the Existence of every Workman is clearly in-*  
 ‘ *dependent, and not to be derived from any*  
 ‘ *human Efforts : but Harmony in Archi-*  
 ‘ *tecture, and the other Requisites, depend*  
 ‘ *totally upon the Longitude, Latitude, Cli-*  
 ‘ *mate, respective Situation of Places, Soil,*  
 ‘ *and the Influence of the fixed Stars, accord-*  
 ‘ *ing to their various Aspects : otherwise how*  
 ‘ *comes it not to be found under the Equator,*  
 ‘ *between the Tropics, or at either of the*  
 ‘ *Poles, while it flourishes with great Vi-*  
 ‘ *gour in the temperate Zones ; therefore,*  
 ‘ &c.. Nor will it be in any Sense contrary  
 ‘ to this Author’s System to say, that this  
 ‘ Spirit of Architecture first sprung up near  
 ‘ the Equator, removed from thence to the  
 ‘ Tropics, next to the temperate Zones,  
 ‘ and was latterly transmitted to more Nor-  
 ‘ thern Regions ; for the Author has disco-  
 ‘ vered a progressive Motion in the Poles of  
 ‘ the Moon, which, together with some  
 ‘ certain Observations on the Influence of  
 ‘ Comets, answers all these Difficulties per-  
 ‘ fectly,



fectly, to the Satisfaction of every courteous Reader.

A fourth Book has for its Title, *The Sympathy, or Action of Wines, while their respective Plants or Vines are in flower, explained, and clearly reduced to mechanical Causes, whereby the whole Mystery is plainly demonstrated to the Capacity of every Child in Philosophy, by a new System of effluent and affluent Matter.* The Author of the aforesaid Work is the learned and judicious *Mabba*, Dragoman to the Emperor of the Moon.

The fifth Work is entitled, *The Study and Use of foretelling the Weather, very necessary for State Quacks and Political Corncutters.* Marvellous, above all measure, are the Discoveries, Observations, and Maxims of this great Man: from some thousands of old Almanacks, and Ladies Diaries, in which an exact Journal is said to be kept of the State of the Weather in those Days, he has found out, as he imagines, a Method of exalting his Soul, and peeping into Futurity; whence he pretends to foretel the Weather for thousands of Years to come. There are only two Objections against his System; the one is, that out of mere Humour and Caprice, he

' he begins by rejecting the oldest, most au-  
 ' thentic and useful Almanacks, for no other  
 ' Reason than their uncouth and antique Cha-  
 ' racter, and some few common-place Diffi-  
 ' culties. This he acknowledges, where he  
 ' allows his Contempt of them to have been  
 ' so great, that he never gave himself the  
 ' Trouble of examining their Authenticity with  
 ' any fixed Attention. The second Objection  
 ' against his foretelling the Weather with  
 ' any tolerable Degree of Certainty is, that  
 ' for these forty Years last past, ever since  
 ' he ventured out of the Doors of his own  
 ' House, he never foretold one Storm yet  
 ' with any Success ; but, on the contrary,  
 ' has been often wet to the Skin, and was  
 ' once struck down with a Flash of Lighten-  
 ' ing, from which he never fairly recovered.  
 ' All this, as it seems, was owing to the ex-  
 ' cessive and mistaken Confidence he placed  
 ' in the Rules he had thus laid down for  
 ' his own Conduct ; but these two Objecti-  
 ' ons are trifling.

' This Work is followed by a Supple-  
 ' ment, in which, because every Person he  
 ' had to deal with, did not happen to think  
 ' as he did (for the Author required in all  
 ' his Projects a blind Submission) he quar-  
 ' rels with his Friends, says what he pleases,  
 ' paints

paints in Caricatura, colours himself, and bespatters his Enemies.

The sixth Work was inscribed, and sent to a famous Institute, or Academy, in the very Heart of *Galileo's* Country; the *Micromegas*, it seems, whose History, as I have been lately informed, was published upon the Earth by an acro-ethereal Genius of the first Order, in the Course of his Travels arrived in this Planet, where, in a Conversation with the Author, he had acquainted him with the violent Disputes then actually subsisting among the terrestrial Philosophers, concerning the Origin and Causes of the Universality of Shells, and other marine Bodies, found in the remotest Mountains and greatest Depths in every known Region of the terrestrial Globe: the Lunar Philosopher, who took the same Opportunity of making some further Enquiries into the History of the Earth and its Inhabitants, very warmly espoused, without any farther Consideration, the Cause of your *Contra-diluvians*. The great Principle, replies he, and, as I may say, the Goddess of this System, or indeed any other, is Analogy; nothing in the Nature of a Deluge has ever happened in the Moon, at least in my Time; therefore the Cause which

the



' the Diluvian Philosophers assign is impos-  
 ' sible, and could never exist. Pilgrimages,  
 ' you tell me, were once very common upon the  
 ' terraqueous Globe; the Pilgrims, you al-  
 ' low, distinguished themselves by Shells, to  
 ' shew that they had travelled far and near,  
 ' by Sea as well as by Land. What other  
 ' Cause can they desire upon Earth more na-  
 ' tural, easy, and more certain? This I will  
 ' prove demonstratively before I sleep. The  
 ' Philosopher was as good as his Word;  
 ' and the next Morning appeared a Disserta-  
 ' tion in form, under the Title of *An Essay*  
 ' *Physico-mathematical, concerning the Ori-*  
 ' *gin of the Montano-terrestrial Shells, and*  
 ' *other marine Bodies, &c.* If any Disserta-  
 ' tion of this Nature appears upon the Earth,  
 ' be assured, illustrious *Amitec*, that it is a  
 ' mere surreptitious Copy of what has already  
 ' appeared in the Moon; for the *Micromé-*  
 ' *gas*, in my hearing, told his Friend the  
 ' Lunar Philosopher, that he would transmit  
 ' a Copy to his Correspondent the acro-ethe-  
 ' real Genius above-mentioned, whose Repu-  
 ' tation does not seem much better established  
 ' in the Moon than it is upon the Earth, as  
 ' superficial as the Lunar Philosophers may  
 ' appear to our Order of Genii.

' The seventh and last Work I shall men-  
 ' tion, is entitled, *A cursory View of the*  
*Universe,*

‘ Universe, and all it contains, by which  
 ‘ the Author demonstrates the Weakness  
 ‘ of the Goddess Nature by her strange Sin-  
 ‘ gularity, unintelligible Disposition, evi-  
 ‘ dent Defects, and the Want of Solidity  
 ‘ in all her Works: by *Ataman*, Mer-  
 ‘ chant of Philosophical Wares, Wholesale  
 ‘ and Retail.—This same *Ataman* is a famous  
 ‘ Man in the Moon; he has a Cabinet of  
 ‘ natural Curiosities, where may be seen a  
 ‘ thousand strange and marvellous things.  
 ‘ Among others;—*The Body of a human Em-*  
 ‘ *bryo*, but half formed, and petrified instant-  
 ‘ neously, while the Atoms were concurring  
 ‘ together to form it in the first Moment of  
 ‘ its Conception.—A very considerable Frag-  
 ‘ ment of *thinking Matter*, which is sen-  
 ‘ sible of all you say to it, but is so deeply  
 ‘ immersed in Thought, that it makes no  
 ‘ Answer to any Question, tho’ you may  
 ‘ guess at its Meaning by its Winking.—A  
 ‘ little Cage made of the *cerebral Fibres* ar-  
 ‘ tificially twisted together, in which are  
 ‘ confined one Dozen and a half of *innate*  
 ‘ *Ideas*.—A Glass Hive void of Air, con-  
 ‘ taining some Millions of *organical Particles*  
 ‘ all alive, hanging in Clusters, or buzzing  
 ‘ like Bees, and subsisting upon certain me-  
 ‘ taphysical Ideas, or second Intentions.—  
 ‘ A crystal Phial, which *Ataman* assures us  
 ‘ to

' to be full of *animal Spirits*. They are indeed  
 ' invisible, but it is full as credible they may  
 ' be really there, as in the Brain and Nerves  
 ' of Animals.—Seven Quarts of *Monades*,  
 ' *German Measure*.—A *Shiver of the Sun*,  
 ' Part of an immense Fragment struck off  
 ' by a Comet blundering in the dark against  
 ' one of the solar Spots, in the Year of this  
 ' present System, 1500,365,151.—Five  
 ' *Masques composed of plastic Natures*.—  
 ' A *Non-electric Falcon*, taught to fly at  
 ' electrical Clouds, and attack them in their  
 ' own Element with great Success.—The  
 ' *precious Balm*. A Spirit extremely subtle,  
 ' yet fixed and weighty. *Ataman* pretends,  
 ' it has an unquestionable Analogy with the  
 ' Soul by its Subtlety, and with the Body  
 ' by its Weight and Density. Thus it serves  
 ' as a natural Band of Union between these  
 ' two Substances, prevents their Disunion,  
 ' and renders Man immortal.—A little Box,  
 ' rich and fashionable, containing *the Prin-*  
 ' *ciples of the three Kingdoms*, and the *Phi-*  
 ' *losopher's Stone*. This Box is only vi-  
 ' sible at a Distance ; the nearer you ap-  
 ' proach to it, the more diaphanous it grows,  
 ' and at last disappears entirely the very in-  
 ' stant you imagine yourself near enough to  
 ' lay hold of it.—A *Trap* to catch elemen-  
 ' tary



' tary Spirits, archetypal Forms, vegeta-  
 ' tive and sensitive Souls.—A magical Wax  
 ' Taper, by the Light of which you see clear  
 ' into all that has been esteemed hitherto un-  
 ' intelligible as the Plenum of indefinite  
 ' Space, Attraction, chymical Affinities, oc-  
 ' cult Qualities, metaphysical Disputes, &c.  
 ' I should never end, if I undertook to  
 ' give you a Detail of all the Rarities which  
 ' are to be found in the Cabinet of *Ataman*.  
 ' I return to what relates to my present Busi-  
 ' ness, and the Concerns of my Mission. I  
 ' was a long time irresolute in one particular  
 ' Point, whether I should employ myself to  
 ' increase the Inhabitants of a Country so  
 ' well peopled as is the Planet of the *Moon*,  
 ' or not. After many Reflections, I re-  
 ' solved at last to shew to this light-headed  
 ' People Men of some Weight, and of a very  
 ' different Character from the present Inhabi-  
 ' tants. In this View, I began to sow in many  
 ' different Places Germs of every kind. Many  
 ' Ages were consumed in this Work, and I  
 ' made one general Remark, that the Seeds  
 ' of Women succeed very well. The male  
 ' Germs do not thrive near so well; except  
 ' those of the Poets, which spring up with  
 ' great Vigour. As for the Seeds of Men of  
 ' Sense, I might to as much Purpose have  
 ' thrown

‘ thrown them into the Fire ; I had not in  
 ‘ return so much as one Man of Thought ;  
 ‘ so that Matters are nearly at this Day in  
 ‘ the same Condition they were at my Ar-  
 ‘ rival.

‘ By all I have hitherto said, illustrious  
 ‘ *Amilec*, you see that my Presence is not  
 ‘ very necessary in the Moon. Whenever  
 ‘ you please to send me your Orders, I will  
 ‘ return to you without Delay, and I will  
 ‘ replace in the Magazine the few Seeds  
 ‘ which remain, and would be ill-bestowed  
 ‘ upon a Soil so ungrateful. I am, with an  
 ‘ entire Attachment, illustrious *Amilec*,

‘ Your zealous Lieutenant,

**ZAMAR.**

**The first Quarter of the Moon of  
 Mars, in the 500th Year of  
 my Transmigration to the Lu-  
 nar Regions.**

While *Zamar*’s Letter was in reading, I  
 had remarked that the Lunar Courier fixed  
 his Eyes upon me from time to time with  
 an Attention, which at last gave me some Dis-  
 quiet. As soon as the Letter had been read,  
 he turned towards the Genii, who stood on  
 one

one Side of him ; Who is that Man, says he, whom I see here among you, and saw not very long ago in the Moon ? It is an Inhabitant of the Earth, answered they, and you must be mistaken certainly, when you imagine to have seen him above in the Moon. I understand, says the Courier ; I suppose, that he is one of your light Gentlemen, whose Seeds fly up to the Moon. If I have never seen this Man there, I have at least seen one of his Sons, who resembles him so extremely, that in seeing the Father, I thought I had seen the Son.

Till this Moment I was ignorant what kind of Seeds I produced ; *Amilec* had said nothing to me upon this Subject, I was made sensible of it now, and extremely humbled. But I knew however by this means, that I had a Son ; the Thought affected me, and my fatherly Tenderness getting the better of Self-love, I drew near to the Lunar Genius ; Sir, said I, I beg it as a Favour, tell me some News concerning this Person whom you assure to be my Son. What is his Age ? what his Occupations ? and what his Fortune ?

He is in the Flower of his Age according to the Lunar Estimation, answers he, but he does not enjoy it : he has applied himself  
hitherto



hitherto with great Attention to the Study of Nature, and he begins to know enough to convince himself that he knows nothing: Fortune has not been very favourable to him, but he is thoughtless enough not to concern himself much about it. In good truth, said I, this Son resembles his Father perfectly. Poor Child! yet I could wish with all my Heart, dear Sir, that his thoughtless Humour might be sometimes at least tempered with a Grain or two of Prudence. ——— Prudence! answered he, Prudence! why, I say Prudence too! ——— Here *Zamar's* Courier burst out into so violent a Fit of Laughter, that he could not for some time explain himself. Ay! there it is, thought I, the Head of this Genius has certainly suffered some Detriment from the sharp Air of the Moon; Folly must be extremely contagious in that Country. In fine, after he had laughed his fill, he added, Of what Use can Prudence be in the Moon? Do you imagine that Conduct and a Set of Maxims will carry your Son very far among the Lunar Gentlemen? You are terribly mistaken indeed, my good Friend! the Use of Prudence supposes, that those you converse with govern themselves by the Rules of good Sense. A prudent and clear-sighted Man combines these Rules with different Circumstances,

stances, and Incidents of Life, examines the Decisions of Mankind, foresees Events, and endeavours to derive some Advantage from this Foresight. In the Moon nothing can be more irregular than the Conduct of the Inhabitants, good Sense has no Share in it, it would be to no purpose to meditate on what may happen, for nothing can be foreseen. This is the true Reason why Prudence would be of no Use in the Moon, as indeed it is frequently even upon the Earth. Since human Wisdom, says I, is good for nothing, why then e'en let my Son be a Fool among Fools; but may it be a Species of innocent Folly only, which perhaps may contribute to his Happiness.

While I was in Discourse with *Zamar's* Courier, *Amilec* had retired a little on one Side, in all Appearance to reflect upon the Answer he was to send to this Express. He was not long in resolving; and without much Hesitation gave Orders for the Return of his Lieutenant. After that he hazarded some Reflections upon *Zamar's* Idea concerning the Origin of the People in the Moon; he added some moral Thoughts upon the Genius, Maxims and Manners of the Lunar Inhabitants, and political Observations concerning the bad Government, which

which must necessarily be in such a Country. I heard him, was tired and yawned.

If the Moon is so ill provided with good Inhabitants, said I with a view of turning the Conversation into another Channel, *Mars*, on the contrary, must be inhabited by Men of another Character. You will, I perceive, transport Seeds thither so well chosen, culled with so great Attention, preserved with so much Care; in one word, Seeds of such a Nature, that I am persuaded the Fable of the Golden Age will be realised in that Planet.

One would think so, replies *Amilec*; but from the best Grafts sometimes the worst Fruit springs. You cannot, for instance, imagine, how much the female Grains are apt to degenerate, and corrupt those of Men. This is what I learnt by Observation in *Venus*. I had given the strictest Orders that no female Seeds should be packed up for that Planet, but such as had been culled with extreme Care from the most virtuous Women. For greater Security, I recommended in a very particular Manner to those of my Officers, whom I deputed upon this Occasion, to gather few in the great Cities, and to avoid entirely Ladies of Quality, but rather to disperse themselves in the Country, and



and collect their Seeds among the Women of the middle Order. My Orders were executed to the Letter, in such a manner, that when I returned to the Earth, I had a certain Quantity of the best female Seeds in the World. Yet you yourself see the small Success of all my Care. I sowed Tenderness, and I had in return Gallantry; I sowed Constancy, and I reaped Obstinacy; I sowed Oeconomy, and Avarice was the Fruit; I sowed good Sense, and Wit, or something often worse, sprung up in one Night like Mushrooms. Nothing is to be depended upon in this Planet, and human Seeds less than any thing else. Actually at this very time of speaking, I have enough of the perfect Philosopher, sublime Metaphysician, approved Divine, and solid Orator, to people whole Countries; I shall sow all these in their Season, and in return reap perhaps systematical Heads, minute Philosophers, Infidels, Sectaries, and Spinners of Cobwebs. One would be apt to think, that Nature was exhausted; and if yet, after all, now and then a great Man comes forth from these Hands, it is a rare Flower, that braves the Rigours of the Season, and is an Effect of many uncommon Circumstances unknown to the deepest Penetration.

It

It will be in *Mars*, as it has been upon the Earth; Abundance of bad Fruit, some tolerably good but in small Quantities; but of the perfect, scarce any at all. Besides, do not imagine, that the Seeds we are to transport thither are of so good a Nature, as to have every desirable Quality. The Persons from whom we gathered them, may for one good Property, have three or four bad ones. Of this I will give you a sensible Proof.

A Genius, who from this Conclusion of *Amilec* foresaw what he intended to do, opened a large Case which stood upon the great Table, drew out a Bass-Viol, tuned it, and presented it to the Grand Master. After that he placed upon the Table several little Boxes full of Seeds, and opened them immediately.

This Instrument, says *Amilec*, is tuned to a Concord with the Passions, every different Tone answers to some particular Passion; in such a manner, that if the Principle of any Passion brings the Germ to an Unison with any of these Tones, that Germ by a natural Necessity will tremble, and move in accord whenever that Tone is heard.

This

This, continues he touching one of the Strings, is the Tone of Avarice ; scarce had the Sound reached my Ears, when I saw Seeds in Motion, which no Person ever so acute would have suspected were in accord with it ; they were the Seeds of Persons, who seemed by their Profession to have renounced all earthly Advantages.

This again, says *Amilec*, is the Tone of Jealousy. The Sound was still lower, and more dull than the precedent, and at the same instant, shall I say it ! I saw in motion the greatest Part of the Seeds of the Learned.

A third Tone was heard, it was that of Pride : many Seeds in every Box began the Dance ; but what amused me above measure, were the marvellous Skips which many of the cast-off Seeds exerted, that lay among the Sweepings in one Corner of the Magazine : I observed, at the same time, that they were of the kinds of white, black, and speckled Germs, which I mentioned above.

In fine, *Amilec* run over upon his Bass-Viol two Octaves and a half in Vice as well as Virtue ; not a single Grain to be seen, which did not bear a Part in this extraordinary Dance, and if each of them moved once for some Virtue, they gave at least three Skips for certain Vices.



I play a little upon the Bass-Viol, says I to *Amilec*, will you give me leave to make the whole Multitude dance in time? *Amilec* consented; I took the Instrument and played a Country-dance. The Instrument was all this time tuned to the Passions, in such a manner, that as I run over the necessary Ingredient Notes of the Tune, different Seeds succeeded in Motion to each other, and leaped in Concert with the Musick, each Class successively, all in time, and without Confusion. Thus I had the Pleasure of giving a Ball to the future Inhabitants of the Planet *Mars*. Kings, Shepherds, Philosophers, and the Ignorant, Great, and Little, all danced, all cut Capers; it was so wonderfully entertaining, that I shall never forget it.

This Sight gave me infinite Pleasure, and I cannot express with what Joy I saw, that by a Stroke of the Bow, I moved whole Nations. Nevertheless *Amilec*, who saw all this as well as I, saw yet something more. You have before your Eyes, says he, an Image of human Society. The Harmony of the Tune you play consists in the Relations of Sounds which compose it; in the same manner, human Society, represented by the measured and methodical Dance of

the Seeds, is maintained by the different Passions of human kind.

Tired at last with playing to the human Seeds, I gave up the Bass-Viol to a Genius who stood near me, the Boxes were shut, and replaced in their several Niches.

I rose, took a Turn or two in the Magazine, and casting my Eyes up and down, I considered the Provision of the Grand Master of the human Manufacture. Here, said I to myself, is the Fruit of all the Generations who have preceded us ; these are the Principles of all the People destined hereafter to inhabit the new Worlds. Precious Principles of Nature ! I have the Advantage of contemplating you at Leisure, free from the Trouble and Obscurity of Microscopes. The Veil is rent, I am arrived at the Source of Being, and I see it in its Essence. Past Generations ! to what a diminutive Existence are you reduced ? Future Races ! from what small Principles will you derive your Origin ? Microcosm ! Abstract of the Wonders of the Universe ! O Man ! how little are you now in my Eyes ? A Grain selected from Millions of others, which fall to no Purpose, opens by Cultivation, and thou comest forth ! What a small Matter might have prevented thy Existence ? Scarce do you appear upon  
the

the Surface of the Earth, but you are almost instantly effaced ! born, you do not know how, suffering by the inevitable Condition of your Nature, dying by an unavoidable Necessity, this is the Track, bright as it may appear to your weak Eyes, which the proudest of Beings must pursue !

*Amilec* here broke in upon my Speculations ; Let us go out, says he, and take our Seats upon that Cloud, which seems to form a kind of Canopy to the Northward ; there we will take the Air, and I will communicate to you what more I have to say by way of Illustration upon the Nature of human Germs, and the manner of multiplying them. *Amilec* went forth, I followed him, we advanced Northward, and took our Seats upon the Cloud ; never was I placed more at my Ease. I observed a profound Silence, and *Amilec*, after he had recollected himself for some time, turned his Eyes towards me : ‘ Men often, said he, seek for at a  
 ‘ Distance what is extremely near them, and  
 ‘ the Philosopher more frequently than any  
 ‘ other Man, falls into this Absurdity. Most  
 ‘ generally the Truth lies obvious, a Man  
 ‘ need but turn his Eyes, and lay hold of it.  
 ‘ But could he have imagined it to have been  
 ‘ so near ? no certainly. His active Genius



' carries him aloft, and his Philosophy pro-  
 ' jects him into indefinite Space. How many  
 ' airy Flights of this kind have not been un-  
 ' dertaken upon the Subject of Animal and  
 ' Vegetable Propagation? what Opinions,  
 ' what Systems, what intricate Errors grafted  
 ' upon one another? yet nothing can be  
 ' more simple than the Course of Nature in  
 ' the Regeneration of living Bodies: I will  
 ' presently, in very few Words, give you  
 ' the clearest Notion of it imaginable.

' Conceive, as a first Principle, a kind of  
 ' hollow Cylinder, or an extreme little Tube,  
 ' whose upper Part is laterally pierced in cer-  
 ' tain Places. Conceive, in the next place,  
 ' that this Cylinder is a Mold, in which are  
 ' successively formed many others of the  
 ' same Figure, and pierced in the same man-  
 ' ner. Imagine then each of these lesser  
 ' Tubes to be inserted in every lateral Open-  
 ' ing of the original Mold, and remains at-  
 ' tached to it by its lower Extremity. Con-  
 ' ceive, in fine, that each of these lesser  
 ' Tubes become themselves so many lesser  
 ' Molds, in which is formed a Series of  
 ' lesser Cylinders, which slide, as mentioned  
 ' above, into the lateral Openings, and are  
 ' there fixed. Thou seest already, that the  
 ' first Cylinder must be in some Measure to  
 ' the

‘ the second Tubes, as the Trunk of a Tree  
 ‘ is to its Branches, and that these secondary  
 ‘ Cylinders are to the third Series as the  
 ‘ Branches are to the Twigs.

‘ Let us suppose again, that new Cylin-  
 ‘ ders continue to mold themselves, to insert  
 ‘ themselves one into another, and to fix  
 ‘ themselves by means of a small prominent  
 ‘ Part, which emerging from the lower Part  
 ‘ of each Cylinder, runs into a kind of dove-  
 ‘ tail Incision at certain Points of the Cir-  
 ‘ cumference of each lateral Opening. Fol-  
 ‘ low in your Imagination, as far as you can  
 ‘ possibly, the Formation, Development,  
 ‘ and successive Disposition of these Cylin-  
 ‘ ders: what do you imagine will be the  
 ‘ Consequence of this Distribution and Pro-  
 ‘ gression, as I have now stated Matters in  
 ‘ this new System?

‘ One or other of these two things, an-  
 ‘ swered I; either the Cylinders, when they  
 ‘ come forth, will be so disposed, that in  
 ‘ their Progression no Obstacles occur, and  
 ‘ then the Vegetation will continue, and be  
 ‘ unlimited, or these same Cylinders will im-  
 ‘ pede one another, and mutually obstruct  
 ‘ each other’s Passage; in this Case their  
 ‘ Motion and Increase will cease, when the  
 ‘ multiplied Resistance is equal to the im-

‘ pelling interior Force which enchafes them  
 ‘ one in another ; and from the Cylinders  
 ‘ differently obstructed in their Progression,  
 ‘ and combined, will result Masses of diffe-  
 ‘ rent Forms, according to every possible  
 ‘ Variety, which may thus happen in their  
 ‘ Disposition. But pray, my Lord *Amilec*,  
 ‘ whither do you design to lead me with  
 ‘ your cylindrical Molds ?

‘ This is what I would say, answered he ;  
 ‘ the Germs of Plants, Trees and Animals,  
 ‘ nay even of Men, neither are, nor were  
 ‘ originally any thing more, than each a little  
 ‘ Cylinder, such as I have described. Phi-  
 ‘ losophers have seen them, but they have  
 ‘ neither discovered their Configuration, nor  
 ‘ the manner in which they unfold them-  
 ‘ selves, when the Principle of Fecundation  
 ‘ takes place. You have already an Idea of  
 ‘ the one and the other.

‘ Sometimes they imagined these Cylin-  
 ‘ ders to be the Embryos, or first Rudiments  
 ‘ of Animals and Plants ; sometimes they  
 ‘ thought them Worms, or compleat Ani-  
 ‘ malcules of another kind ; last of all they  
 ‘ were judged to be organical Particles. But  
 ‘ in fact, they are nothing more than vege-  
 ‘ table Tubes, and this is the Name I shall  
 ‘ give them for the future, whether we con-  
 ‘ sider



‘ sider them as instrumental either in Animal  
 ‘ or Vegetable Generation:

‘ The vegetable Tubes differ principally  
 ‘ by their Figure, by the Number of lateral  
 ‘ Openings, and by the proportional Di-  
 ‘ stances which subsist between these several  
 ‘ Openings.

‘ This Figure, these Openings, those pro-  
 ‘ portional Distances are so disposed in the  
 ‘ Tubes of Plants, that no Obstruction oc-  
 ‘ curs, sufficient to prevent their continual  
 ‘ Expansion, or limit their Growth. If the  
 ‘ interior and medullary Parts could but  
 ‘ subsist a very long time without Corrup-  
 ‘ tion, a vegetable Germ placed in a proper  
 ‘ Soil upon any Part of our Globe might  
 ‘ expand, elevate, extend itself, and at last  
 ‘ form a Tree sufficient to shade one half of  
 ‘ the Earth, or realise the Fable of the  
 ‘ *Koran*. But this never happens, because  
 ‘ while new Tubes are formed, and distri-  
 ‘ buted, the first original Tubes grow old,  
 ‘ spoil, corrupt, and the Transmission of the  
 ‘ Fluids being thus impeded, the Tree dies.  
 ‘ Scarce has the Time allotted for its Growth  
 ‘ permitted it to produce a few languid  
 ‘ Branches.

‘ If you separate these new Shoots from  
 ‘ the old ones, and place them where they  
 D 4 ‘ may

‘ may find proper Nourishment, the Vege-  
 ‘ tation will continue, and produce other  
 ‘ Plants, and thus will proceed without Li-  
 ‘ mits. This is what is performed by Graft-  
 ‘ ing, Inoculating, or the Translation of  
 ‘ Buds, &c.

‘ This Process does not take place among  
 ‘ the vegetable Tubes of Animals. Their  
 ‘ Figure, lateral Openings, and proportional  
 ‘ Distances are so disposed, that, during their  
 ‘ Development, they mutually, to a certain  
 ‘ Degree, impede one another, so far at least,  
 ‘ as to limit their Growth. One Proof of  
 ‘ this Truth is, that if these Obstructions  
 ‘ are removed in any part, as it happens in  
 ‘ Wounds, the Motion or Advance of the  
 ‘ Tubes is renewed, Vegetation begins, the  
 ‘ Flesh is regenerated; and all this Action  
 ‘ only terminates when the Wound heals,  
 ‘ and dries up, that is, when the Tubes ap-  
 ‘ proach, and oppose each other’s Progress.

‘ But if you cut off an entire Member, a  
 ‘ Man’s Hand for instance, new Flesh will  
 ‘ spring forth, but not a new Hand. The  
 ‘ Occasion of that is, that the vegetable  
 ‘ Tubes not being sustained, fall in one upon  
 ‘ another, and thus forming irregular Ob-  
 ‘ stacles, give birth to a fleshy Substance, ir-  
 ‘ regular consequently, and without any de-  
 ‘ terminate

terminate Form. If, on the contrary, these  
 Tubes could be sustained by any Cause  
 whatsoever, and induced in their Progress  
 to observe a regular Order, the Part  
 would be regenerated entire, by the same  
 Means, and in the same Manner, that it  
 was first generated, when formed at the Beginning  
 of its Existence : a Power not uncommon  
 to many Animals. Break off, for instance,  
 the Leg of a Lobster, it will not be long before  
 a new one is produced. The Shell which invests  
 that Animal maintains a necessary Order in  
 the Disposition of the vegetable Tubes, and  
 prevents them from falling in, or impeding one  
 another. Nay more, if in these Circumstances  
 the truncated Part, (for instance the Leg of a  
 Lobster) could but preserve within itself a  
 Principle of Life, as the Body does, it would  
 reproduce, upon the same account, all that  
 it wants to make it a complete Animal. The  
 Regeneration of divided Polypes is an evident  
 Proof of what I advance.

I understand you perfectly, replied I; I  
 have been assured not long ago, that in the  
 Polype, the Brain and the Heart extend  
 themselves throughout the whole Length  
 of the Animal. If you divide a Polype in



' many Parts, each Section, having a Por-  
 ' tion of the Heart and Brain, retains the  
 ' Principle of Life. The Water, its natural  
 ' Element, sustains and preserves the vege-  
 ' table Tubes in a regular Order; each of  
 ' the Sections must consequently compleat  
 ' its Deficiencies, the entire Polype is re-pro-  
 ' duced, and instead of one you have many.

' Altho' the vegetable Tubes of Plants,  
 ' continues *Amilec*, never form Obstructions  
 ' sufficient to stop the Progress of their  
 ' Growth and Vegetation, they yet obstruct  
 ' one another so far, as to be forced to ex-  
 ' tend themselves in every possible Direction  
 ' with an infinite Variety of various Inclina-  
 ' tions; from hence result the Forms, Cha-  
 ' racters and Properties of every Plant. The  
 ' same thing happens in the Disposition of  
 ' the vegetable Tubes of Animals; but then  
 ' these Obstructions are much more com-  
 ' plex, and multiply to so great a Degree,  
 ' that their Vegetation is by them limited,  
 ' and fixed in a certain Scale.

' The Figure of the vegetable Tubes,  
 ' their Number, and the Situation of their  
 ' lateral Openings, produce Obstructions of  
 ' various kinds; these Obstructions vary the  
 ' Forms; their Variety is almost boundless!  
 ' Let us pursue them in a certain Order,

' be-

beginning from the principal Forms, and let  
us proceed in our Ideas with as much Order,  
as is possible.

First of all, the vegetable Tubes resemble  
each other sufficiently to produce, all of  
them, a living Substance; but they are yet  
so far different, as to produce, some of  
them, Plants, others Animals.

Secondly, the Tubes from which the  
Plants spring, resemble each other sufficiently  
to produce, all of them, Plants; but  
they differ likewise so far, as some to give  
Plants of one Family, some of another.

Thirdly, the Tubes productive of Animals  
by this same Similarity are limited to the  
Generation of Animals only, but yet are so  
far unlike, as some to give Animals of one  
Species, some of another.

In fine, even of the animal Tubes, those  
which are determined to one Species only,  
may yet differ sufficiently to produce at least  
slight Variations in their respective Individuals.  
Hence in Mankind, for instance,  
the Diversity of Stature, Features, Faces,  
Constitutions, and Inclinations, &c.

In this View therefore, said I, it is likewise  
probable, that the Difference of Sexes  
and Nations, spring in the manner from  
some

‘some slighter Differences in the vegetating  
‘Tubes.

‘ Without doubt, answered *Amilec*; and you  
‘ must observe in that respect, that the male  
‘ Individual produces only male Germs, as  
‘ does the female those only which are peculiar  
‘ to it. But neither one kind nor other of  
‘ these Germs will ever proceed to vegetate,  
‘ unless a Communication of these Kinds, of  
‘ whatsoever Nature it may be, precedes.  
‘ The Reason is manifest; but to place it in  
‘ the most advantageous Light, let us carry  
‘ our Speculations as high as is possible.’

Here *Amilec*’s Discourse was interrupted  
by the Arrival of three or four Genii, who  
had advanced towards us with great Haste.  
My Lord, says one of them, *Ismel*, the  
Royal Harvest Genius, is just arrived at the  
Magazine; he is provided with all Necessa-  
ries for the Election of Kings, and he has  
dispatched us to you to know what Day you  
would please to appoint for the Trial of the  
Seeds of Sovereigns. This very Day, an-  
swered *Amilec*. Do you see those Clouds  
which advance Eastward, stop their Course,  
and let them be disposed, as is usual upon  
these Occasions. I will be with you present-  
ly: dispatch. I am pleased, continues he,  
addressing his Discourse to me, that so fa-  
vourable



vourable an Opportunity offers itself to make you a Spectator of what is most curious and most interesting, but at the same time most tedious and painful of all our Labours: it is an Election of Kings, and the Trial of the Seeds of Sovereigns.

The Genii, whom *Amilec* had remanded, did not delay to bear back his Orders. Immediately, all those who were employed in the Magazine, flew to the Clouds, stopped their Course, and began to dispose them properly. As they were at a great Distance, I could not well discern what they were doing, but I never saw any Persons work with more Ardour. Some dragged after them, or pushed forward with great Vigour, a vast Extent of Cloud, which seemed to me as big as a small Mountain: others seemed to be employed in settling and smoothing them. Sometimes I saw them start out suddenly from the Midst of a deep Cloud, at other times they would dive into it, and disappear as suddenly. Some ran here and there with an inexpressible Rapidity; all were in Hurry and Motion.

And as the News had been dispersed of this Election of Sovereigns, you might have seen Multitudes of Genii in different Bands arrive from every Quarter of the Heavens,  
all,

all, whom either their Employments called hither upon this Occasion, or were induced to be present for mere Curiosity. The Bees do not flock to their Hives in greater Numbers for Refuge, when the darkened Sun foretells an immediate Storm.

In the mean time *Amilec* had resumed the Thread of his Discourse. ‘ During the  
 ‘ Progress of Vegetation, says he, it hap-  
 ‘ pens, that many Tubes are detached and  
 ‘ blended with the Humours which circulate  
 ‘ in every organised Body. Thus by reite-  
 ‘ rated Pressure, successive Frictions, and  
 ‘ the Action of the Fluids, they are refined,  
 ‘ softened, purified, and ultimately depo-  
 ‘ sited in particular Reservoirs, in order to  
 ‘ re-produce new Germs, and to serve one  
 ‘ Day in new Vegetations.

‘ You must not therefore be surpris’d, if  
 ‘ Observers have discovered moving Bodies  
 ‘ in so great a Number of moving Sub-  
 ‘ stances, after they have been diluted. They  
 ‘ have been seen in Infusions of Plants,  
 ‘ Leaves, Flowers, Seeds, as well as of  
 ‘ animal Substances; for these different Bo-  
 ‘ dies being all compos’d, as I said, of ve-  
 ‘ getating Tubes, a great Part of them have  
 ‘ been separated, and subside in the liquid  
 ‘ Infusion. They have seen them in the  
 ‘ Semen

‘ Semen of female Animals, as well as that  
‘ of Males ; for the Female has its own  
‘ peculiar Tubes, as well as the Male. They  
‘ have been discovered in the Chyle as well  
‘ as the animal Semen ; for the Chyle is no-  
‘ thing else but the detached Parts of Vege-  
‘ tables and Animals. They have observed  
‘ some, which resembled Filaments disposed  
‘ in form of Ramifications ; whole Branches  
‘ of Tubes enchased in one another, detach  
‘ themselves from the vegetable or animal  
‘ Substance in Infusion, they then perceived,  
‘ that those Branches were at last resolved  
‘ into Multitudes of little moving Bodies ;  
‘ this was a necessary Consequence ; for by  
‘ the Decomposition of the Branches, the  
‘ Tubes started from one another, and  
‘ exerted a kind of expansive Motion, like  
‘ that of a Spring. Is it possible they should  
‘ have seen all this, and not have acknow-  
‘ ledged the Reality of vegetable Tubes ?

‘ But a certain fixed Number of Tubes is  
‘ not alone sufficient for ordinary Vegetation ;  
‘ it is required besides, that a certain Matter  
‘ should exist, fit to be molded, and form  
‘ new ones. The Plants receive this Mat-  
‘ ter from the Earth, and the Juices, which  
‘ it furnishes, being naturally too gross and  
‘ turbid, they must be prepared by a kind of  
‘ Fer-



‘ Fermentation, which we must not confound  
 ‘ with that of the Chymists. This Fer-  
 ‘ mentation they acquire by being blended  
 ‘ with a certain prolific Leaven, contained in  
 ‘ the vegetable Tubes.

‘ Many good Reasons concur to prove  
 ‘ the Reality of this Leaven ; one alone  
 ‘ may serve to convince any judicious Per-  
 ‘ son. The great Variety of Tastes, O-  
 ‘ dours, Emanations, and Principles, which  
 ‘ we extract from Plants, cultivated in the  
 ‘ same Soil, convince us by their Differences,  
 ‘ that the Substance of every Plant is a kind  
 ‘ of Laboratory, which, by a peculiar Ope-  
 ‘ ration, diversifies the Juices which it im-  
 ‘ bibes ; nor do we conceive that this Ope-  
 ‘ ration can be any other than a Principle of  
 ‘ Fermentation, or a kind of Leaven pecu-  
 ‘ liar to each Plant, and as various as are  
 ‘ the Plants themselves.

‘ Let us consider this Principle of Fer-  
 ‘ mentation in any one particular Plant.  
 ‘ The Germ had at first a due Proportion of  
 ‘ it ; but in the Progress of Vegetation, as  
 ‘ it extends and blends itself with the Sap  
 ‘ throughout the whole Length of the Plant,  
 ‘ it changes its Nature, and varies gradually,  
 ‘ in proportion to the Quantity of Juices,  
 ‘ and the Multiplication of the Tubes.

‘ From

‘ From hence it comes, that the Effects  
 ‘ vary likewise in the different Parts of the  
 ‘ Plant, which yield each of them their own  
 ‘ specific Taste, Odour, and Principles.

‘ By this, it is easy to conceive, that the  
 ‘ prolific Leaven of the Germ, while it un-  
 ‘ dergoes Alterations in passing from Tube  
 ‘ to Tube, is no longer the same in those,  
 ‘ which after a long Progression, and a  
 ‘ compleat Vegetation, detach themselves  
 ‘ from the others, in order to form new  
 ‘ Germs. Nevertheless, it is necessary there  
 ‘ should be some at least precisely of the  
 ‘ same Nature as the original Germ, other-  
 ‘ wise the future Generations would not  
 ‘ be exactly specific, and like to the Mother-  
 ‘ plant.

‘ Thus while Nature on the one hand pre-  
 ‘ pares the Tubes, which are to become  
 ‘ Germs, it is necessary, that on the other,  
 ‘ it should prepare a new prolific Leaven.  
 ‘ This is what it does by the Means of Heat,  
 ‘ an intestine Motion, the Filtration of cer-  
 ‘ tain Juices, and their Action in certain Or-  
 ‘ gans. It is upon this account, that among  
 ‘ the first Rudiments of the new Plant con-  
 ‘ tained in the Bud, there must necessarily be  
 ‘ a particular Organ, which may filtrate and  
 ‘ supply the vegetative Principle to the de-  
 ‘ veloping

veloping Germ, and give birth to the new Plant, or Suckling. But here we mean nothing more than the Leaven, which is peculiar only to the Seed.

The vegetable Tubes being sufficiently prepared, and the Leaven ready to act, it remains only that they be united together; and this is what happens in Fecundation: but for this Purpose a proper Receptacle is requisite; and this Place, of whatever Nature it be, we will term in general, the Matrix. Vegetable Tubes, as already described, Leaven, and a Matrix, three Things absolutely essential to the Propagation either of Plants, or Animals.

Nature diverts itself, as usual, with much Variety in their Distribution. Sometimes it draws them together to one Place, as in the Tulip. The Column, or Pistil, which rises in the Middle of that Flower, contains both the Tubes and their Matrix; the Filaments which surround that Column, are the Organs, by which the prolific Leaven is prepared and filtrated. When the Season comes, the Filaments disperse their Leaven under the Form of Dust, the vegetative Principle insinuates itself into the Column, the Tubes are impregnated, and Fecundation ensues. Sometimes Nature

has



\* has placed upon the same Individual, but  
 \* upon different Flowers, the Instruments of  
 \* Fructification, as in the Melon, and all  
 \* Fruits of the same Class ; at other times it  
 \* places them upon different Individuals, as  
 \* in Hemp, Hops, &c. in that Case there  
 \* are two different Plants, the one male, the  
 \* other female.

\* All that we have said of Plants must be  
 \* understood to extend itself to Animals.  
 \* That their Re-production may succeed,  
 \* Tubes, Leaven, and a proper Matrix are  
 \* necessary ; and all those Instruments are  
 \* distributed in the animal Kingdom with  
 \* as much Variety as in the vegetable. Some-  
 \* times they are found in the same Indivi-  
 \* dual, and their Disposition is such, that  
 \* Fecundation takes place accordingly. In  
 \* that Case, the Animal has the Advantage  
 \* of re-producing itself without any Help ;  
 \* such is the Polype, and all of that Class ;  
 \* perhaps likewise some other Insects not yet  
 \* discovered. Sometimes those Instruments  
 \* are placed upon the same Individual, but  
 \* at too great a Distance to act upon one  
 \* another : that Animal must therefore com-  
 \* municate with some other like itself ; each  
 \* of them impregnates the other mutually ;  
 \* such is the Snail. These Kinds of Ani-  
 \* mals

‘ mals properly speaking have no Sex, they  
‘ are neither male nor female, or, if you  
‘ will, they are both one and the other.

‘ The Scheme which Nature mostly fol-  
‘ lows is, that of disposing the Materials of  
‘ Re-production in different Individuals, and  
‘ that happens in all the Kinds which are  
‘ composed of the two Sexes. The Male  
‘ furnishes male Germs, but the Leaven,  
‘ which must impregnate them, is to be  
‘ found only in the Female. Again reci-  
‘ procally, the Female produces female  
‘ Germs, but the vivifying Leaven is con-  
‘ tained in the Male only. As for the Ma-  
‘ trix, of what Nature soever it be, it is not  
‘ to be found, but in the Female. From hence  
‘ it comes to pass, that Fecundation, in these  
‘ Kinds, can never take place without a  
‘ Concurrence of the two Sexes, and that  
‘ the Female remains always the sole Depo-  
‘ sitary of the Germs.

‘ You see by this, that a Man is only Fa-  
‘ ther of his Daughter by communicating to  
‘ her the Principle of vegetable Motion, as  
‘ is the Woman Mother of her Son, by be-  
‘ stowing upon him the same Principle. But  
‘ a Son is a true Production of the Father,  
‘ a Daughter is a true Production of the Mo-  
‘ ther,

‘ ther, as the Branch of a Tree is a true Pro-  
 ‘ duction from the Trunk.

‘ Are thy Eyes open? continues *Amilec*;  
 ‘ feest thou that this is the true System of  
 ‘ Nature? Dost thou admire its noble Sim-  
 ‘ plicity, boundless Variety, and immense  
 ‘ Riches?

‘ Canst thou imagine any Preparation more  
 ‘ simple, or that carries less in Appearance  
 ‘ with it at first View, than the Scheme of  
 ‘ vegetable Tubes? Is there any more fruit-  
 ‘ ful in its Consequences, from whence may  
 ‘ result greater Effects? They mold them-  
 ‘ selves, advance, meet, confine each other  
 ‘ within certain Bounds, the Hand of Na-  
 ‘ ture guides them, and all this Disposition  
 ‘ terminates in Vessels distributed with an  
 ‘ admirable Oeconomy; Bowels formed with  
 ‘ so much Understanding, Muscles, whose  
 ‘ Action strikes the Naturalist with Asto-  
 ‘ nishment, and escapes his utmost Pene-  
 ‘ tration. These are the Principles of Life,  
 ‘ and Springs of Action, which being ad-  
 ‘ mirably disposed in a Design struck out  
 ‘ with Strength, give Majesty to Man, and  
 ‘ mildly pliable, give Softness, Graces, and  
 ‘ Beauty, to the Woman. From them the  
 ‘ Lion derives its Force, the Stag its Swift-  
 ‘ ness, and they concur to compose equally  
 ‘ the



‘ the Rings of the Insect which creeps upon  
 ‘ the Earth, as the Wing of a Fly, which  
 ‘ plays and mounts aloft in the Air.

‘ Who can follow in Thought their Dif-  
 ‘ ferences, graduated with so much Delicacy  
 ‘ to an almost imperceptible Degree, and the  
 ‘ Variations they produce in living Creatures,  
 ‘ if we run through the Scale of sensible  
 ‘ Beings, from the Gnat to the Elephant,  
 ‘ from the lowest Moss to the Oak, that  
 ‘ overtops the Forest?

‘ Who dares undertake to calculate the  
 ‘ Number of these Principles of Propaga-  
 ‘ tion, and bring to account the Treasures  
 ‘ of Nature? A Plant, a Tree, an Animal, a  
 ‘ Man, is nothing more, than an immense  
 ‘ System of little Tubes, of which each is  
 ‘ impowered to re-produce a compleat Vege-  
 ‘ table, or Animal of the same kind, as it-  
 ‘ self. O Simplicity! O Variety! O the  
 ‘ Riches of Nature! O the eternal Wisdom  
 ‘ of its great Creator!’

I have done ; this little Sketch may suf-  
 fice for the present. I have dispersed the  
 Clouds which have obscured the Truth ; I  
 have exposed it to thy Eyes ; you may con-  
 template it at your Leisure. Meditate up-  
 on it, examine, dive into it ; if any Doubt  
 or Difficulty arises, you may communicate  
 it

it freely, and I will endeavour to remove it. Come, let us go; all is ready by this time for the Election of Kings; doubtless, they wait only for our Presence.

We departed, and arrived without Delay. The Genii had formed in the Clouds, which had been marked out to them, a Kind of Amphitheatre. The Area of it was perfectly even, extended, and circular. The upper Circumference was terminated by heavy Clouds, which formed, as it were, a Chain of Rocks. Upon the Tops of those Rocks or Hills were placed in Groupes, on every Side, an innumerable Multitude of Genii of every kind. Never any Sight could have possibly equalled this: I thought I saw the Heavens open, and all the Gods of the Ancients assembled.

Upon the Side of one of those Hills, I perceived fifteen or twenty great Sacks, which they told me were full of vulgar Seeds. Near each of those Sacks stood a Genius, and the Royal Harvest Genius appeared in the middle of them, holding in his Right Hand a golden Box, enriched with Diamonds, and of the Size of a small Snuff-box.

A few Paces from thence, they had prepared for *Amilec* an Arm-chair, raised upon  
an

an Eminence of three Steps, near to which was placed a Velvet Stool. The Whole was composed of subtle Vapour drawn together, and condensed with much Art. The Grand Master of the human Manufacture took his Seat, and made me a Sign to place myself upon the Stool on one Side of him.

At the same time, *Ismel* advanced towards *Amilec*, and presented to him the Box which he had in his Hands. *Amilec* received and opened it: there I saw their Highnesses, their Majesties, all the Powers of the World collected together, and contracted so as not to fill entirely a very small Box. Nevertheless (for either I must be naturally very weak, or the Character of Sovereignty has something in it that strikes with a certain Awe) I found myself penetrated with Respect at the Sight of that Thimble-full of almost imperceptible Dust. I wish you Joy, said *Amilec*, returning to him the Box at the same time; you have succeeded perfectly, and made an extraordinary Harvest; this will suffice, without doubt, to compleat the necessary Provision of Sovereign Seeds.

Satisfied with these Expressions of Approbation, *Ismel* retired, and gave way to another Genius, who came to present to *Amilec* almost half a Bushel of Vulgar Seeds. *Amilec*



*lec* examined them ; The People, says he, will be always People, they change very often for the worse, but seldom for the better. Cast an Eye upon this Heap of Seeds, continues he, addressing his Discourse to me, you will enjoy a Sight as much diversified as if you saw at one View an entire Nation. Dost thou discern the Infidel Grain, which has no distinct Colour, or Figure, or fixed Weight ? It is susceptible of only one kind of Motion, that of a constant Vacillation. It tends to nothing, holds by nothing, and terminates in nothing. Didst thou remark this instant a kind of tremulous Motion in those other Grains, which communicated itself to all those who touch them ? They are the Seeds of Fanatics ; that kind of Grain is always in a State of Violence, it is ever in a rapid Motion of Contraction and Dilatation by Fits. The Motion sometimes increases to that Degree, that the Seeds are electrified, and then it is that the Commotion which ensues, communicates itself all around to every little Grain that happens to be un- luckily within their Sphere. Dost thou distinguish among the others the Seeds which are to stock Monasteries ; the outward Coat of them is smooth, soft, and polished ; the exterior Surface seems perfectly at rest, but interiorly

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it contains a Principle of Fire, which determines it gradually, in so much that after a certain Time you may observe it consumed at Heart, and not in a Condition to re-produce itself. And that Seed of a changeable Colour, could you guess what Seed it is? They are Germs of Coquets: these have a Colour extremely lively, and seem to sparkle; they are picked up in the Playhouses: those there have softer Colours, and a less animated Appearance; they were gathered from Coquets, whose only Resource is to play off certain delicate Expressions, the supposed Images of fine Sentiments; both the one and the other dilate, as you may observe, and acquire Bulk, in Proportion as the Seeds of Dupes and Fools, which you see near them, lose, and become at last entirely emaciated. You may likewise observe the Seed of the Ambitious, which lifts up itself slowly, but falls down with Precipitation: the Seed of the Proud, which placed under the Recipient of an Air-Pump, has the Virtue of retaining the Air, which it feeds upon, in spite of all our Efforts to extract it; the Seed of Hypocrites, which shines with a peculiar Lustre, in broad Day-light; that of the Good and Pious, which shines only in the Dark; that of Detractors, which is sharp and cutting; that

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of the Envious, which bursts of itself. There again is the heavy Seed of Men of Importance, light Seed of Courtiers, and the still lighter Seed of Petit-Maitres; in fine, Seeds of every Kind and Characteristic. But do not let us lose our Time, adds *Amileo*; we should have began before this the Trial of the Seeds of Sovereigns.

The Signal being given, the Royal Harvest Genius plunged his Hand into one of the Sacks that stood near him, and drew out a Handful of popular Seeds, in the midst of which he placed one of the Sovereign Germs. Then he advanced towards the Center of the Amphitheatre, followed by many other Genii, all of whom carried in their Hands a certain Quantity of Popular Seeds, but no other Royal Germ.

When *Ismael* arrived at the Center of the Amphitheatre, he threw up into the Air, with all his Force, the Handful of Seeds which he had taken with him. It seemed at first, as a Quantity of Dust projected into the Air at random; for the heaviest Seeds rose highest, and separated themselves from the lightest, according to their Order of Gravity. But soon the two Extremities of the Line drew together in a strict Union, and I saw with Surprise, that the Seeds formed a small



Vortex, circulated round one common Center, and remained thus suspended in the Air. Thus have I sometimes seen an innumerable Multitude of Atoms balancing within a very small Compass, and continually agitated, when the Rays of the Sun have fallen upon them so favourably, as to render them visible.

Every Sovereign Seed, which has not degenerated, says *Amilec* to me, attracts, and gives a circular Motion around itself to the Seeds of the People; but the Royal Germs have more or less Virtue. The most powerful form the most extended Spheres or Systems. There are some which attract, and sustain more than fifty Handfuls of Popular Seeds; we make trial of their Efficacy in the manner you now see, and when all the different Systems are formed, we permit them to perform their Revolutions together. Some there are who destroy each other, and disappear; others, who increase and extend themselves, according as the Royal Seed, by whose Influence they are sustained, augments or diminishes in Virtue. Some time after they have performed their several Revolutions together, and the Balance of Power seems well settled among them, we pick out from the Center of each Sphere the Sovereign

reign Seeds, which have stood this trial, and we preserve them with great Care.

While *Amilec* was thus talking to me, the Genii continued to supply the Royal Germ with Popular Seeds, till the Power of his Attraction ceased to act upon any more. It retained to itself eight Handfuls, half of the ninth fell down, his attractive Power being thus fated. They then took out another Royal Seed, and projected it into the Air, as they had done the first; but this was too weak to form a Sphere; its attractive Force failed, the Popular Seed being mostly fanatical, repelled the Royal Germ; it fell down upon the Area of the Amphitheatre, and was lost in the Clouds. The third acted with much greater Vigour; scarce would five and twenty Handfuls of Popular Grain suffice to balance against its attractive Power.

In this manner they continued to project into the Air the Germs of many Sovereigns; the Number of political Systems became soon considerable; scarce was the whole Extent of the Amphitheatre sufficient to contain them.

Dost thou see, say's *Amilec* to me, those Seeds which detach themselves, quit the others, and fall down, like small Rain? They are Republican Seed: you would

imagine they had a mind to free themselves from the Necessity of performing any stated Revolutions at all ; but in vain : dispose themselves they must, in spite of their repelling Quality, into some Form of Government, and they constitute accordingly Spheres of Motion, which do not seem to differ much from others ; and which in effect differ in this only, that the others have one Center of Motion, these many. Dost thou discover the *Spanish* System by the dull, saturnine, and slow Motion of its Germs ; that of *England* by the oblique, eccentric, and unsteady Progression of the *English* ; that of *France* by their Light, easy, and uniform Revolutions ?

Let us consider with some Attention, this powerful System. The Germs of its Princes and Nobility are disposed, as thou seest, in a Line, upon the Axis of the Sphere ; the Seeds of its Ministers occupy one of its Poles, and the Senators re-unite to form a just Balance at the other Pole ; the Military Germs, hurried by a centrifugal Force, fly to the Surface of the Sphere, and the Popular Seed revolves within towards the Center. A stable Disposition this, which maintains among them a strict Union, tempers their reciprocal Influence, preserves Order in  
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their Revolution, and fixes unalterably the Royal Germ in the Center of the System.

Behold here a kind of Motion very different. Dost thou see that Multitude of little Spheres, which turn all slowly about one common Center? It is the System of the Empire. The Seeds, which compose it, have, as thou remarkest, two Motions; one particular, that carries them round the Center of each little Sphere; one general, which turns the little Spheres round one common Center. These two Motions weaken each other mutually, and from thence it comes, that the general Circulation is much retarded. Without this Disposition, much Danger might be apprehended from that vast Sphere, but far from invading the neighbouring Spheres, it scarce can sustain its own Weight.

But what Light is that, said I, which blazes out from the North of all these moving Spheres, and has the Lustre, as well as Mildness, of the Rays, which precede the rising Sun on a fine Spring Morning? That Light, answered *Amilec*, darts from the *Prussian* Sphere. You compare it very justly to the Break of Day, it increases every Moment, soon will you see it shoot out to great

Distances, and communicate itself to the most distant Spheres.

Take now into Consideration, adds *Amilec*, the respective Motions of all these different Bodies. Dost thou observe to the Right the *Persian* System, which falls to pieces? Considerable Portions of it detach, and present themselves upon the Surface of the *Ottoman* Sphere; but what is yet more remarkable, this Power absorbs no Part of it. Look up higher to the Left, and consider the late Republic of *Holland*, which has now in its Center one single Grain. It seems to totter, you would be apt to imagine, by the Inclination of its Axis, that it would plunge, and be absorbed by the neighbouring System, and take a new Motion, that would carry it round a foreign Germ. Seest thou a little farther the Apostolical Sphere? Dost thou not admire how, diminutive as it is, it yet holds a Connection, and shakes the neighbouring Spheres?

But hold! the *Jews*, like a Team of wild Geese move Northward in a long File! Have they News of their Prophet *Elias*? or is another *Sabatbai Sevi* to arise in those Quarters? From East, West, and South, they flock Northwards, mottled, bearded, unbearded, *Persian*, *Arab*, and *Egyptian*!  
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Can the Central Germ of that unsteady System bear all this additional Weight?

I heard, I looked with strange Attention, and was fixed like a Statue upon all that was before me; when of a sudden I was seized with a Fit of Sneezing, as violent as if I had taken the strongest Hellebore, and which continued with an unusual Force, for the Space of five or six Minutes. This Accident put me almost out of countenance, as it did not agree very well with the profound Respect due to that Majestic Assembly, I had then the Honour to attend. But what gave me most concern was, that the Commotion I caused in the Air disturbed and produced a considerable Confusion among the political Spheres of Dust. At one instant a Duchy struck against an Electorate, at another a Kingdom broke into a Republic; and my last Sneeze was so vigorous, that it very near overturned the sublime Ottoman Port, which indeed before that had all the Appearance of much Weakness, and moved with an excessive slow, and irregular Motion.

Pray, good Sir, says the polite *Amilec* with a Smile, let not this Accident give you any Disturbance, nor surprise you. The Impetuosity of the Systems in Motion had,  
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by their centrifugal Force, ejected out of the Sphere of Attraction many Kinds of Germs, which were dispersed in the Atmosphere all around us; the Seed of some discarded Flatterer, suspended in the Air, hard by your Nose, was drawn in, as you breathed, and caused that Agitation, which seized you with so much Violence. Well! this is a ridiculous Incident indeed! said I. What, has the Seed of a Flatterer an irritating Quality of so great Force? That depends upon Circumstances, answered *Amilec*; upon a less sensitive, and less delicate Organ, it will produce only a certain gentle Titillation, and a Sentiment of Pleasure; but upon more refined Organs it will cause an excessive strong and disagreeable Irritation. Human Germs may produce either Good or Evil, according to the Temper and Constitution of those Persons from whom they proceed, and the Disposition of the Patient upon whom they act; in the System of Nature all Effects are relative. From whence comes, for instance, much the greatest Part of those extraordinary Distempers, in the Causes of which even Physicians are sensible (though they will not own it) of their Ignorance? from the Seeds of Men dispersed in the Atmosphere. What produces the most unexpected

pected Cures sometimes, which the Physician is sure to attribute to himself, though nothing was wanting on his Part to prevent them? from the Seeds of Man. Why do not the Naturalists apply themselves to the Invention of Microscopes, strong enough to discover them upon the Surface of the Body, and Instruments fine enough to gather them? they would then find Specifics against the most obstinate Distempers. There are Germs of every Quality and Virtue. There are quieting Bolusses, as the Seed of a Friend; softening and balsamic, as the Seeds of a virtuous Wife; irritating and sharp, as those of a Critic; sweating Powders, as the Dust of a half-formed *Petit-Maitre*; emetic, as those of Ministers and their Tools, who drench Men daily with disagreeable and provoking Potions, as if they were Beasts of Burthen, created for their sole Use, Diversion, and Benefit. . . . .

*Amilec* was in the Humour of adding more to these Remarks, but was interrupted by a confused Noise, which rose suddenly from the midst of the Assembly. All the Genii ran tumultuously together, and seemed to be in an Extasy of Surprise. They at last stood still as Statues, and had their Eyes immovably fixed upon the moving Spheres.

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A certain tumultuous Motion sprung up among the circulating Seeds, which at first spread itself so universally, that all the Spheres were thrown into Confusion, and blended together. But that Motion abating by little and little, the Systems began to appear more distinct and settled than ever they had been ; and in the mean time we began to perceive a new one, which we had not observed before, or rather an old System formed anew, which had been almost exhausted in supporting itself against the Encroachments of its own Lunar Orbit, by the Defection of some light Grains, who had caused a notable Breach near the Axis of Revolution. It had now much more Extent than any other, and its Revolution more rapid. Every Moment it increased visibly, and the surrounding Spheres either diminished in Proportion, or sometimes entirely disappeared. Every other gave place, or was whirled round the Royal Germ, whose Efficacy extended with so much Majesty and Vigour from the Center of this glorious System.

The Royal Harvest Genius advanced immediately with great Haste in his Steps towards *Amilec* : My Lord, says he, I do not know what Germ this is, whose Qualities display themselves with so much Splendor and



and Energy ; it sprung up suddenly from under our Feet, where it lay concealed ; but this is certain, if we permit it yet for some time to act with its full Force, it will certainly destroy, and absorb all that environs it : for the Royal Germs will be displaced, and confounded by the Popular Seed in one common Revolution round this extraordinary Germ ; we shall not be able to distinguish any one of them, and we shall lose them all. What an efficacious Principle impregnates this Royal Seed ! cries *Amilec*, is it not the Germ of some new *Augustus*, whose distinguishing Qualities have hitherto escaped our Observation ? Let us not delay any longer to take in this precious Germ ; but let us not lose the others. As *Amilec* pronounced these last Words, he rushed into the midst of the Spheres, and was lost, as it were, for some time, in a Cloud of Dust.

In the mean time, the Clamours of the Genii ceased entirely, a profound Silence succeeded, all the Spectators were in suspense, every one expected with Impatience the Return of *Amilec*, who might explain to them the Origin of the Royal Germ, which had caused so much Admiration.

miration. He did not suspend their Expectation long ; but springing from the midst of the Spheres, as lightly as an active Diver rises from the Bottom of the Water : *This august Germ*, says he, *comes from one of the most ancient and most illustrious Families in Europe. Shall we deprive the Inhabitants of the Earth of so rare a Treasure ! Let us present it to our favourite Nation ; let their Wishes be accomplished in the Possession of this precious Germ. The best of Constitutions deserves the best of Kings. Inscribe upon the Gold Box that contains it ; Detur Digniori.* Upon hearing this Decree, the whole Air rung with Applauses, and I, within myself, felt so lively a Joy, that I awaked immediately.

But what an Excess of Chagrin succeeded to that Joy, when I found myself alone in my Closet, in the midst of my dull Volumes, and deprived perhaps for ever of the Company of *Amilec* ! A young married Woman, whom merciless Pyrates tear away from the Arms of her beloved Husband, does not feel a Grief so sensible, as I did upon that Occasion. O *Amilec* ! said I, amiable Genius ! gene-  
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rous *Amilec*, why have you abandoned me?  
But I called in vain; the Harvest Genii,  
and all their Train, the Grand Master  
*Amilec*, all had disappeared, all was lost  
for ever and ever to me.

F I N I S.

